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Around Town.

The present political mess, which some dignify by the name of a crisis, should convince the people of Canada who admit that they are properly represented in Parliament, that they are a lot of cowardly compromisers unfit to walk with the upright carriage of men. The Canadian who does not protest against the atmosphere of political immorality and imbecility should adopt the posture and gait of the tumble-bug, that rolls its little ball of dung along the cow-path without thought or shame of its humble attitude or occupation. As there is a dispute in progress as to what should be the national flag, I would respectfully suggest the tumble-bug. Its black and ugly shape on a white ground with its occupation rampant, would strikingly illustrate the condition of our politics and the antics of our politicians and engage other nations in wonderful contemplation of our candor in admitting that our national life is devoid of sentiment, cleanliness or honor. Those who may criticize these statements as being unduly bitter have only to consider the conditions of their own political activity or the deathly inertia which finds them one of a row of political corpses too long unburied to realize the actual circumstances under which Canada is being worked. Those realizing the true cursedness of Canadian politics cannot be surprised in the least at the condition of affairs at Ottawa. As everybody knows who is conversant with the facts, it is a disgrace to, rather than an evidence of, our civilization. It would be unfair to lay all the blame at the door of the Administration, for the Government is but a thing that the people have created. The people are responsible for the Government to a greater extent than the Government is responsible to the people.

For many years I have contended that what we call "responsible government" in Canada is the most irresponsible organization of fakirs and time-servers that could possibly exist. In theory the Government is responsible to the people; in fact the people are responsible at this moment for having created and perpetuated a parliament and a government that are almost without principle, courage or honor. It is largely composed of men who were never suspected of having a principle. The dishonor of many of them has been proclaimed from the house-tops for years without discrediting them. Some of them occupying principal places have no visible means of support; the friends of the majority of them glory in the fact that they are politicians capable of taking the sharpest possible curve with the least possible amount of warning. Honorable men have been defeated everywhere to make places for these spineless creatures whose breath has been the miasma of Canadian politics. To live in the atmosphere of some of these men is enough to ruin the representatives and debauch the honor of even the better men of Canada. In clean communities an honorable record is appealed to with pride by those who have lived in such a manner that they have no fear of the criticism of their neighbors. In Canadian politics an honorable record is entirely valueless, and it has been the habit of those who control political movements to laugh at men with principle as entirely unavailable election quantities. It having become the system in primaries and conventions to select men who are so pulpy, so apt in promising everything and performing nothing, we have evolved a parliament largely made up of things, political parasites, contract jobbers, voting machines and pusillanimous promisers that can be relied on to support anything or anybody who has anything to offer except principle. What is the result? Political filth, party prostitution and the old, old story of the Catholic Church dominating a degenerate parliament.

As everybody knows, Roman Catholics as a party are absolutely different from Roman Catholics as religionists—of the latter we have nothing to say, for their creed is sacred to them—though religion is made the common meeting-ground of priest and parishioner. The Church demands everything; it can only get undue advantages by utilizing corrupt men who are willing to obey over-zealous priests in order to obtain place. It is not only Catholics who obey the orders of the hierarchy to the detriment of the community; the chief danger is in close constituencies where the priest has the balance of power and the so-called Protestant member is the tool.

Methodism and certain phases of Protestantism have not been slow to imitate the perverted methods of men who are much more consistent. In Canada this has been and is becoming every day a still more crying evil, until now we stand eye to eye with a shrewd and dangerous organization which, like a giant octopus, is seizing upon the country we live in and the country we should be proud of if we have the soul of even a mouse. Everything is being traded off. Our Cabinet Ministers are prepared to truck and trade in sacred things that should never be mentioned in politics, in order to obtain place and preferment. I am glad to believe that Canada is awakening to the shocking and shameful condition of things. The crisis is being accentuated by the open and undisguised demand of French-Canadian Catholics that every member of a government must pledge himself to a certain line of conduct in order to convince recalcitrant Ministers that they are not being hum-

bugged. Yet it is obvious that they themselves are trying to humbug others. When the members of the government of a country individually demand public pledges from colleagues, when everything has descended to the level of lying and the prostitution of office until one Cabinet Minister will not believe another nor trust his fate and fortune and the endorsement of his constituency to the honor of the Cabinet of which he is a member, we have gone down to the point when we must recognize that some at least of our Cabinet Ministers are fakirs of the most contemptible variety.

The spectacle of the leader of the Opposition asking each man separately if he has "taken the pledge;" the idea that in a Canadian Parliament each Cabinet Minister's name must be written on a certain document before he is believed in, is a stigma upon the reputation of

who can, without a blush of shame, confess to a decent neighbor that he belongs to the party! In the old days of France when politics were most corrupt, a bitter critic once stigmatized a Minister as having the manners of a dancing master and the morals of a prostitute, and today our whole Government occupies quite as disgraceful an attitude; it can change its step and pose and perform, but what of its morals?—not personally, for it is unnecessary to go into that sort of thing, but politically. We drive the strumpet from our streets and politically we seem to drive them into Parliament instead of into the Reformatory. Why is it conceivable that there should be any political partizan discipline powerful enough to hold men who represent men, not things, into the servile and sycophantic attitude of permitting great big nobodies and demagogues like Oulmet—men who are political bloaters—to coerce Ontario and all the provinces that

Canada good enough for Canadians? Is it not because we have been the most shameless panders in the list of new nations? Is it not because we have given everything to the office-holder and nothing to the private citizen? Is it not because the country has been conducted as the preserve of a few politicians who think they have a right to dispose of our heritage as they see fit? Is there any country on earth that could be successful that has been so wildly and improvidently devoted to politics and sectarianism? This is the land of subsidies and purchase, the country of the unclean politician and the careless elector. The very wind of an appropriation is enough to pervert a constituency or paralyze a conscience. We have come to the end of it. With a decreasing population and an increasing demand upon those who are willing to be political fools, a real crisis is presenting itself which does not mean the mere

Canada is degenerate and cowardly. Mr. Laurier is playing the game of politics as if the most sacred motives of the people were not being brought into play and trifled with. He seems to have the idea that patriotism, statesmanship and political decency have all been buried and his only chance to become Premier is to act the part of a jumping-jack and trick mule in the circus at Ottawa. The Government is rightfully enough despised, and Mr. Laurier, while devoid of many of the responsibilities of those who have a place in the administration, is also earning the contempt of the people of Canada. That during a crisis in which a Man might attract almost all the people of Canada by a courageous and patriotic course, he has demonstrated himself the smallest sort of a politician and wire-puller, settles Mr. Laurier's place in history. In the lifetime of but few men does such an opportunity occur as has been disregarded by Mr. Laurier. In common with every other man in public life he has played the lowest, smallest, meanest and most sickening game that could be imagined. Government and Opposition alike seem to be made up of the sort of off-material that Canada ought to spew out of its mouth with disgust. If we go on electing men and encouraging men to believe that they are filling the public eye when they are really turning the public stomach, we will breed not only a race of sickening sycophants in public office, but of insincere and corrupt electors who, misled by so-called leaders, are almost certain to come to the conclusion that there is no patriotism, no decency, no cleanliness, and thus become willing tools in the hands of the small and crooked people who conduct our politics.

It is quite possible to make religion appear contemptible when those who profess it are insincere, and their lives fail to conform to the principles they profess. If in the most sacred impulses of our lives so much damage may be done by insincerity, what must be the result in politics when degraded and unclean ideals are offered, not only to the representatives who constitute a parliament, but also to the people who elect such representatives? Are Canadians a race of cowards that have no opinions? Why should we not express ourselves freely and openly? Why should not our representatives voice the impulses that move the majority at home and in public meetings? We simply have nothing but a cowardly and contemptible dodging of issues. Our public men are everlastingly making a race for some hole under the barn in which they can conceal themselves. Mr. Laurier appears now to be the most conspicuous example of those who believe in neither God nor country, the devil nor public schools, nor anything else. All he wants is a chance to twit the Government. He is on record as believing in nothing; indeed, his whole struggle has been to keep from being on record one way or the other. It is entirely immaterial what Mr. Laurier thinks or says as far as Mr. Laurier is concerned, but when he is put up as the ideal of the Reform party he should have some views, some principles, something except the look of a poet and the tricks of a fakir. However, his conduct accentuates the villainous nature of our political degeneration. His cowardice shows that courage is not prized; his dodging and crookedness are evidences that straightforwardness and probity are at a discount. If the Liberal party thinks that it can win with that sort of an equipment, those of us who are Conservatives should ask the question: What kind of an outfit have we got that such a weak and contemptible showing is supposed to be good enough to beat us?

Hitherto I have not been prone to praise Orange celebrations or glory in their size and enthusiasm, but if there was ever a period in the history of Canada demanding an organized demonstration it was on the Twelfth of July, 1895. No ebullition of Protestant sentiment in any previous year could compare with the one which answered the impertinent demands of Quebec and so strongly resented the statements of Bishop Gravel that he had not only endeavored, but had succeeded by means of the Propaganda at Rome, in tampering with the decision of the Privy Council of Great Britain, the highest and, as we presumed, the most immaculate court in existence. Either he succeeded in tampering with it or he boasts of what he did not do. The result suggests more success than the most patriotic citizens would like to believe possible. In the light of Bishop Gravel's circular, Orangism becomes a holy cause and even the P.P.A. ceases to be objectionable. If we are to have prelates of the Roman Catholic church interfering in the very heart and circulating in the very soul, and making themselves felt in the most sacred circles of an empire in which they are not recognized, then it is time for Protestants to organize and to act together. The church must disclaim and disprove the conduct and utterance of Bishop Gravel, or else the most liberal Protestants, those least inclined to bigotry—and I number myself amongst these—will believe that every government is in a dangerous predicament that is assailed by that most far-reaching and unscrupulous of all secret societies, the Roman Catholic Church. I say this after having lived, as it were, almost under its shelter, having loved it with a fondness which has often left me open to remark, if not ridicule, but I closed the chapter and forever closed my sympathies and locked the door of that always easy place of access, liberality, when I was convinced that Bishop Gravel openly, as it were, boasted of himself as a jury-fixer of the Privy Council.

I happened to be late at my office last Satur-



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

every Canadian. If we are listed as a nation of liars and contemptible wrigglers we can only blame the members of the Government who refuse to believe in one another and have made our country a spectacle amongst nations by demanding pledges and personal assurances which it has not been the habit of honorable gentlemen to give anywhere. I am a Conservative, but I am not proud of my party; I am a Canadian, and the attitude that our Government has occupied for the last few weeks has made me almost ashamed of acknowledging my nationality. We are posturing before the other nations of the world as a thoroughly corrupt and spineless aggregation of political nobodies. How can any man take a pride in his country when the conduct of his government is so absolutely venal? Is it any wonder that we are nationally unsuccessful and generally despised? How can honest men stomach the performances which have made the closing days of our Federal Parliament stink to heaven? O what material are we made that we permit people to conduct public business in the name of the Canadian nation in this manner? What Conservative is there who is not the hireling and tool of a ward politician,

have any sentiment outside of subsidies and purchasable representatives? The devil himself could not suggest a more contemptible parliament. Not half a score of men seem to dare possess their own souls. Who ever resigned from our Parliament or from lucrative office because the business was so dirtily conducted as to become unendurable? How is it Ministers remain in position as they do? Is it not for the salary? In our system men are elected to office and promoted to the Cabinet because they are so poor that they cannot resist the coercion of our contemptible politics. It is to be hoped that this is REALLY A CRISIS and that it may produce a change. If we have reached the lowest depth, decent people may now take hold of politics and reorganize them. If not, what is to become of Canada?

It may as well be remarked that the exodus from Canada has again become a factor. The prosperity in the United States has apparently started our young people to move out. The population of Canada has held its own for the last couple of years while the neighbors to the south of us have been depressed, but there is not an old province that has held its own for the last ten years. Why is not

difference between the Grit and Tory politicians, but must mean the saving of ourselves from the paralysis of what has been left over from sixteenth-century France and 16 degrees below zero of theft and incompetence, venality and the rule of nobodies. If in the present crisis we do not take hold of affairs with strong hands and brave hearts and force our Government into shape, the more business houses and farmhouses of Canada will be vacant before the end of the century. Honest people need no advice as to the necessary procedure; party politics are not in it; the only thing we who have been and would always like to be Conservatives, need consider and remember, is the fact that since even the younger generation can quote facts from personal experience, the Tory Government of Canada has been apologizing for the corruption and political misdemeanors of the race and sect that to-day is shrieking Confederation to pieces and making our people forget the real national issues.

The resolution Mr. Laurier moved on Monday and his speech in connection therewith, is but another evidence that not only the Government of this country but the whole Parliament of

day night, and as I was turning down the gas I heard a loud clear voice starting a hymn. The tricks of the chorus without a moment's preparation landed me back in old Virginia, where I heard the negro voice many, many years ago. After I locked my door and mingled with the gradually increasing crowd, the great big colored woman who was doing the better part of the singing grew into different dimensions. The sleek and wooden-legged evangelist who was with her preached and sang, but he was ineffectual. The stalwart colored woman had the gift of song, and it was for her singing that the crowd came and waited. She sang to us about angels that we might entertain unawares. This was about the time that the collection was being taken up, and I hope that but few of the audience refused to believe that angels were being entertained. Her husband sang bass with her until he got too hoarse to be heard, and beat time, which was very objectionable. But last of all she sang, with her great big black stalwart negro womanhood impressing itself on every word, Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday, To-day and Forever. As a musical production it would not pass muster; as an echo of the cabins away down in Colored Land in the days that are growing dim now, it was the soul of a people who had no fixed tenure, no official status, and who used to sing with the strangely beautiful voices that came out of unbecoming bodies, with little quirks and quavers that belong to no written music, things that would ring in one's ears for weeks. Time and again came the repetition, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever," and with the mutations of politics and the bursting of booms, and the strange fatality which overtakes friendships and the differences which even come to those who love, it seemed almost a sound from heaven to hear that natural negro voice ringing out in trumpet tones that there has been Somebody who was, and is Somebody now, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Street preachers go about arresting the attention of but few, if any, but those who can sing as that negro woman can sing may put an echo in the soul that will not soon be forgotten. I do not think I have been so much impressed since once in the old days when I was engaged in the cattle business. I was delayed in crossing the Mississippi River with a train-load of stock, and a man was singing on the levee, accompanying himself on a portable melodeon. I reckon there must have been four or five hundred stockmen around him, and they were quite willing to listen to him preach for five minutes, but at the end of that period they would shout, "Let up on the preaching and sing something." I think the first time I ever heard that Moody and Sankey hymn, The Pearl of Greatest Price, was when he sang it, and the rough-and-ready cattle-punchers and trainmen encircled it five times, and made him sing it, too. He tried to preach between spells, but they told him he either had to sing or have his melodeon broken up, and he sang. I am quite sure that his collection would buy him a couple of melodeons. His voice was one of those sweet, natural voices, with some of those little tricks in it that will startle one into the same sentiment that is experienced when the thrush or some wonderful bird is singing. Under such circumstances we do not judge by musical standards, but only feel, and it is marvelous how we would like to keep on feeling that way. I suppose it would not last, but those who can furnish such a sensation are doing good to religion and to the people, and of such was the colored woman who sang down on Adelaide street on Saturday night. Such a man it was who sang on the Mississippi levee The Pearl of Greatest Price. I do not think I would have written anything about this, only to suggest to the churches that their singing be of this soulful and heart-moving sort, instead of struggling with clefts and notes and musical funny things which never touch the heart, though they may appeal to the culture of educated musicians. I believe in high class music sometimes, but when they want to go out to seize hold of the sinner in the by-way and the aly-way and the hedges, they must attract his ear with something sweet and natural, and the preaching that he hears must be something of that same sort, or else he will remain unconvinced. The great tide that sweeps over the world with evening comes again in the morning, when people have been separated from their cares by a little sleep, and it is memory. To the average man and woman, what does memory bring? Not the recollection of some grand anthem or some wonderful sermon, but a mother-song at eventide, the family worship in the morning, the gentle hush of all nature, and, if one has memories of the South, the strange part-songs of the colored people as they answer one another from cabin to cabin. It seems to me it might be wise to recognize the moving things of sentiment, and if those in charge of these matters did so more generally, I believe that we could be more often recalled to our more natural and much more innocent state, and that we might find there a new beginning, at least discover an old anchorage, and be much more easily touched by the things which it is to be hoped our hearts will never be too hard to respond to.

Toronto seems to be enjoying a carnival of crime. For over a year the newspapers have been teeming with pictures illustrating murder in every known degree. Is it not possible that familiarity with crime, as we certainly are becoming familiar with it, may have a deteriorating effect on the readers of newspapers? The discovery of the bodies of the Pitzel children was certainly shocking enough in itself without being accompanied by barbarous illustrations of the detectives digging in the cellar and unearthing the ghastly corpses. These productions of the imagination of so-called artists are certainly disturbing and should be distasteful. That the newspapers indulge in the production of such pictures, however, is evidence that the readers like to be shocked. How far a newspaper can satisfy such morbid curiosity without itself becoming blameworthy, should be discussed by some of the managing editors who revel in illustrated criminality.

Last week I returned from a trip through the Maritime Provinces, more than ever im-

pressed by the fact that a Canadian shows neither patriotism nor good judgment if he spends his money in a summer sojourn on the coast of the United States. After having been in every province of the Dominion and State of the Union, not only once but fairly often, I can confidently recommend Prince Edward Island as the most healthful and delightful place for a summering in America. Nothing but the expense—which is not great—of reaching this smallest and yet most attractive province of Canada, prevents it from becoming the popular summer resort of all inland Canadians. As everybody knows, it is a long thin island about one hundred and twenty miles in length and varying from two to twenty miles in width. Its soil is a red clay loam, somewhat sandy in places, and very similar to that of Cuba, which is supposed to have naturally the richest soil in the world. Almost every portion of the island is pierced by rivers and inlets up which the tide sweeps, creating breezes that are startling to the Ontario visitor. Eighty degrees is considered unusually hot, and when the people of the other parts of Canada are sweltering, Prince Edward Island is dreaming away its primitive life, rocked by a wind that is almost always strong enough to swing a hammock. It knows little of the vicissitudes of the other provinces, and the islander himself, while the most hospitable of men, is troubled with nothing except an anxiety for the Dominion Government to build a \$10,000,000 tunnel to the mainland, and a vague pity for those who have not the privilege of living where he does. Counting the bays and inlets, the island must have over three hundred miles of coast, and as many of the farms run down to tide water and are available as summer homes, nearly all the tourists of Ontario could be accommodated. Prince Edward Islanders build large houses; food and labor are cheap, and four and a half or five dollars a week for board in a farmhouse, or six or seven dollars in a hotel, with the privileges of a beach, are considered reasonable figures.

To be a guest in a Prince Edward Island farmhouse is not like being a summer boarder by the lakes. The Prince Edward Islander believes that he is only half doing his duty if anything is omitted to complete the pleasure of a guest. With one accord they seem to care more for the honor of the island and the complete satisfaction of the visitor than for the money there may be in keeping boarders. Indeed, the whole island is something like a big village where everybody appears to know almost everybody else. The visitor at one farm is considered the guest of the province, and the tendency is to overwhelm the stranger with the gentlest and sincerest hospitality that is imaginable.

With salt-water bathing, either in the surf or in quiet bays, a climate that is never too hot and is always pleasant, level roads—good for bicycling—and easy access to all points by boat or railway, it is simply perfect as a health and summer resort. While I was in Charlottetown a couple of weeks ago the steamship Olivet from Boston landed over two hundred passengers, and at Hotel Davies—everybody who goes to the island knows and likes Hotel Davies—and in the many little hotels on the beaches, the visitors found ample accommodation. Many visitors from New England and even from the Western States go there every year, and with one accord express wonder that so few appear to be aware of its attractions.

To reach this model summer resort one may take the C. P. R. at Toronto in the morning and in the evening of the next day be in Summerside or Charlottetown; or one may take the Richelieu Navigation Company's steamers to Montreal, transfer to the Campans, and after a voyage down the St. Lawrence and in the Gulf around Gaspé, and past the Bay of Chaleur, on the fourth day cut reach Summerside or on the fifth day Charlottetown, or Pictou on the mainland. The Quebec Steamship Company treat their passengers well, and nowhere can I remember a more delightful sail than from Montreal, past Rivière du Loup, Cacouna, Rimouski, Father Point, Cap Chat, Gaspé, Percé, with its wonderful pierced rock, to Summerside and Charlottetown. The cost is not great and the accommodation excellent. Then one may go by steamer or train to Lewis and take the Intercolonial through the watering places on the river and gulf, skirting the shore through Rivière du Loup, Cacouna, Rimouski, Little Metis (an exceedingly popular and cheap summer resort), through Campbelltown to Moncton, thence to Pointe du Chêne, and by the splendid steamer Northumberland to Summerside. This is a delightful trip, affording ample opportunity to see Quebec and including a delightful sail across the Strait of Northumberland.

From the island one can go to Pictou, and thence to Cape Breton and those wonderful lakes rivaling in beauty the lakes of Switzerland. Steamers pass through the Gut of Canso to Halifax, and from Halifax one may return to the island or Ontario by the Intercolonial, see the beautiful Wallace Valley, where the waters divide at Folly Lake and run two different ways, or go through the Annapolis Valley, "the Land of Evangeline," to Digby or Yarmouth, and across the Bay of Fundy, where the tide rises higher than anywhere else in the world, to St. John, a city that is always cool and where the people are always hospitable. Last year as well as this season I have seen in one day three or four hundred tourists from Boston and New England landed in St. John, while but few Ontario people think of going there for a holiday. As I took occasion to remark last year, the Intercolonial Railroad is one of the best managed in America, the parlor and sleeping cars are clean and most carefully conducted, and travelers are given as much attention as they can receive anywhere. I know that an idea is prevalent that because it is a Government road it is not as well managed as are private concerns. This is a mistake, and until the people of inland Canada have used it they will never appreciate its attractiveness and the charm of many of the places through which it runs.

The trip is not as expensive as the majority of

people imagine, and if there was anything that I could say or do to induce the Ontario tourist to go and see for himself, I would consider myself doing nothing but my duty if I described the trip and the country in even more glowing terms than I have used. As a people we should try to get acquainted with the folks who live in the Maritime Provinces, for they misunderstand us and we misunderstand them. If during the next few years tourists used the Atlantic coast of Canada for summering, the strongest and most permanent ties of friendship and the greatest mutual respect would unite Confederation so closely that no political crisis would ever disturb it.

I hope the transportation companies will see fit to introduce low excursion rates and thus induce a large movement to the Maritime Provinces. The three companies I have described each have special attractions. By the C. P. R. you can get there quickest by way of Montreal and the short line through Maine to St. John, and the Intercolonial to Pointe du Chêne and the steamer to Summerside. By the Intercolonial you see more of the St. Lawrence, can visit Quebec, and see all the country on the river, some of the Gulf and a great deal of New Brunswick. By the Richelieu and Quebec Steamship Companies' lines you have a long trip by water and plenty of chance to observe the characteristics of the people as the steamers call at the watering places along the River and Gulf. This trip includes a stay at Quebec and a sight of its historical places. Is it not a liberal education in itself to learn something of Canada? Why, then, should parents who have children that they wish to enjoy the sea breezes, not use the Canadian lines and go to Canadian places and get acquainted with the Canadian people?

Money Matters.

When I wrote last the Banque du Peuple was in difficulties and had asked the Bank of Montreal for assistance. The members of the clearing house subscribed \$120,000 to aid the Banque du Peuple to meet the run of depositors then pressing. A few days afterwards the suspension was announced. Ostensibly the cause of the run was due to the rumors afloat that large overdrafts had been permitted, and the position of the bank as shown by the charter of the bank's statement for June. It is possible that these would have passed without exciting much comment had it not been for the fact that the general manager of the bank was engaged in several outside enterprises. Confidence of the people is the first requisite of successful banking. Without it business cannot be carried on. When, therefore, a bank manager takes such a distorted view of the responsibility of his position and his obligation to the shareholders of the institution he manages, as was shown in this instance, he should be summarily discharged. The directors were to blame in temporizing. As soon as they became aware of his outside speculations they should have quickly, and quietly, made arrangements to relieve him from his duties. Banking in Canada cannot be conducted by Poo Bshs.

It will be noted from the above that this bank failure was due to local, and not general, causes. There is nothing in the situation to cause alarm. The country is prosperous, and in a short while the financial equilibrium of Montreal financial men will be restored. In Toronto very little interest is manifested in the affair.

Investors should not let slip this opportunity to get Montreal Street Railway. It can be got now at less than 200. At that price it pays 4 per cent. The 4½ per cent. bonds sold last week at 109. I should say that the stock which now pays 8 per cent. is better at 200 than the 4½ per cent. bonds are at 109, as the stock will, without doubt, pay much more in the future, while the bonds are at a fixed rate. The end of the fiscal year is now quite close at hand. I advise investment purchases at anywhere around 200.

I am friendly to Commercial Cable. As I pointed out last week, this stock is in a strong position and it will only be a matter of time before its merits are recognized by the public. Last year in a confessedly bad time the company earned 10 per cent. on its capital stock. This year's business revival brought a largely increased business to all classes of distributors, whether it be telegraph, cable, telephone companies or railways. But Commercial Cable has profited not alone from the increased activity in business, but from the extensions in the Postal Telegraph system as well. It should be noted that the increased business it derives from this latter source has not cost the Cable Company anything. Every extension that the Postal system makes brings increased receipts to Commercial Cable without cost to the latter. I believe it will earn from 14 to 15 per cent. this year. People who buy it now and hold it for six months will make good profits. Some of the bank stocks ought to do better. Commerce at 136½ to 137, Standard at 163 to 164, Hamilton at 157, and Merchants at 166 to 167, are good investments. ESAT.

Social and Personal.

Sir David Macpherson, Mrs. and the Misses Bankes and Mrs. Dobell have been staying at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been away this week.

Mr. Walter S. Lee left on Saturday for Winnipeg. Mrs. Lee is visiting friends in Boston and New York.

Mrs. T. Godson and her son, Lorne, of College street, are visiting Mrs. John Worthington at the Bungalow, Muskoka.

The Domino Ball, which took place at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, as an episode of the Tennis Tournament week, was looked forward to with much anticipative pleasure by many guests. The Dominos, which, for the benefit of two anxious correspondents, I might say are large, loose sort of dressing-gowns, were imported by dozens for the event, and for an hour after dinner the room in which they were stored was besieged by men and maidens anxious to secure a garment not too long nor too hideous for wearing. The proper complement of masks was not sent, therefore the kind hostess and her corps of assistants set to work and manufactured a lot of off-hand. Though not quite so smart-looking as those ordered, the masks proved effective disguises and the vanity of many a pretty dame received a severe shock when, masked and dominoed, she cast the proverbial last glance in her mirror. Everybody was the same shape, which was just no shape at all, and everybody's mask equally blank and devoid of expression. Men in queer cut black dominoes with white masks timidly hovered near the doorways, for the room was hot and the disguise was hotter. Now and then one of them would recognize a pretty hand, trim slipper

or an uncovered coiffure, and would sidle up and beg a dance. Few of the maskers, however, possessed the nerve generally necessary to such a bold course, which robbed the ball of its legitimate interest and hilarity, the idea of a masked ball being perfect freedom in greeting and acknowledgment. One tall and graceful woman wore an Eastern burnous of blue, which was at one time an ornament of a Cairo Bazar, and the gold barrel nose-ornament with its pendent black veil, which was familiar to all at the World's Fair Plaisance. This was, I think, the only disguise not hideous in the extreme, the others varying in shades from the brilliant red, white and blue of the national flags to the washed-out tints sacred to ancient "shopkeepers" on the calico print shelves. One absurd mask, with a pink domino a world too scant for his long shanks, arrived in good time with a Falstaff stomach of brazen artificiality, which he subsequently transferred to a safer altitude and developed into a hump-back. The usual humors of the dance were a good deal hampered by the shyness of the cavaliers and the oppressive heat, and pretty soon dominoes were voted a nuisance, and one by one the pretty maids, frisky matrons and knowing tennis players emerged like butterflies from their cocoons and fluttered in all the bravery of chiffons and swallowed through the remainder of the dance. D'Alessandro's men played some very pretty music. Some of the Buffalo guests gave the wallflowers and chaperones a very pronounced rendering of the antique Boston dip or glide, which was quoted by a bold, bad man as "hugging set to music," but which struck me as a very stilted and uncomfortable-looking way of navigating. Among the guests was a majority of Toronto people, all looking well. Miss Kate Merritt, in a delicate silk gown, and her charming guest, Miss France, in black chiffon and silk; Mrs. Irving Cameron, in a handsome black gown with white lace berthe and pansies. By the way, one of the sweetest little maids imaginable is Mrs. Cameron's daughter Evelyn, who dances beautifully, and wore on this occasion a girlish little frock of green and white silk crepon with many floating pink ribbons. Mrs. Riordan, looking very well in black, brought her golden-haired daughter, whom we cannot make up our minds to give up to St. Kits. Miss Riordan wore black satin with, I think, some pink flowers. Miss Arthurs wore white satin; Mrs. Charles Nelson wore pink satin with white crepe and pearls; Miss Van Rensselaer wore a dainty heliotrope brocade; Miss Wright and her sister, of Buffalo, wore very light and pretty dresses of white mousseline de soie and insertion; Miss Minnie Gaylord wore a pretty little frock of white muslin, which she held up on the left side in a most fetching and coquettish fashion as she waltzed. Miss Pope, who with her mother and brothers was interested greatly in the tennis matches, wore a simple white muslin gown. Miss Houston was very sweet and graceful in heliotrope. Miss Osborne, who dances *con amore*, was in white. Others present were: Misses Morrison, Geale, Hazue, Heward, Casplin, Howe, Beamish, Paterson, and C. Merritt of St. Kits.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis of Detroit are summering at Spencer avenue, Parkdale. Mrs. N. Heckin and family have taken up residence in Parkdale at 160 Dowling avenue. Captain William Macpherson, N.-W.M.P., is down on a visit to his father, Sir David Macpherson of Chestnut Park. Mrs. Pellatt gives an At Home this afternoon at her summer residence, Victoria Park. A very pleasant strawberry festival was held at Bevelly House, the residence of Mr. Christopher Robinson, this week. Miss Kirkpatrick and Master Eric Kirkpatrick are sojourning in the East during the heated term. I believe they are at St. Patrick's near Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Will White of Hamilton are enjoying the summer holidays at Ithracombe, Muskoka. The many friends of Miss Norma Reynolds, the well known popular and successful teacher of vocal music, will be pleased to learn that she has become associated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, having been appointed on the staff of that institution in the vocal department, where she will be prepared to receive pupils, old and new, after the opening of the Conservatory's fall term on September 2.

Mrs. J. Tytler and family, of Bathurst street, and her sister, Miss Jessie Milne, are spending the summer months at Ithracombe, Muskoka, where Mr. Tytler will join them shortly.

Mrs. E. A. Wills and Miss Wills, who left for the Old Country last month, are now staying at Barmouth, North Wales. They will not return until October.

Miss Platts of Sherbourne street is summering at Ottawa Beach and Detroit.

Principal MacMurchy, Miss MacMurchy and Miss Marjory MacMurchy have gone to Bathurst, N.B., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth and baby leave on Tuesday for Bathurst, N.B., for the holidays. Mr. Forsyth expects to return about September 1.

Senator Altin and family are summering at Hotel Chautauque, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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Shot Glace, Silk Crepon and Taffetas, from 50c. per yard. Elegant Brocades, Silk Velvets, at less than cost. Cloths suitable for tailor-made gowns, from 25c. per yard. We are reducing the prices in our dress-making department away down for the next thirty days. Special prices for Trousseaux and Mourning Outfits, and will complete them on the shortest notice.

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TORONTO

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Frank R. Lillie, Ph. D., University of Ann Arbor, and Miss Frances Crane took place at beautiful Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, on Saturday, June 29. It was the event of the summer season, both as regards importance socially and artistic beauty, among the smart *coterie* of Chicagoans whose charming summer residences dot the shores of what a visitor vows is the prettiest spot in America. It was a country wedding. The bride, who will be remembered by many Torontonians whom she met last winter while visiting Mrs. Lillie, sr., and whose beauty and carriage are perfect, wore a gown of white *faille* with old Venetian point lace, a *tulle* veil, and a bouquet of white garden roses with maiden-hair ferns, and was a picture good to see as she walked alone to the flower-crowned altar. Miss Emily Crane and Miss Emilie Lillie, in simple frocks of dotted muslin, were bridesmaids, while a charming company of seven little ones, nieces and nephews of the bride, were maid of honor, flower girl, ring bearer and pages respectively. The effect was most lovely, and as the pretty procession passed through the lattice doors of flowers into the church, many minds formed the same thought. Mr. Crane gave away the bride. The best man was Mr. George Lillie, jr., and the bride's usher, Mr. R. T. Crane, jr. Messrs. E. A. Russell and A. F. Gortz were ushers. A reception was held at Jerseyhurst, the home of the bride's parents, on the north shore. The guests were conveyed across the lake in steam launches gaily decorated, while the bridal party drove around. After the reception, Dr. and Mrs. Lillie went aboard the launch and sailed away in a halo of silvery moonlight, in the most delightfully romantic manner. The bridal trip will take the form of a coaching tour through Wisconsin and a visit to the Atlantic coast, after which Dr. and Mrs. Lillie will take up their residence in Ann Arbor. Mr. Mrs. and Miss Emilie Lillie returned to Toronto last week.

The grounds in the rear of the beautiful church of Our Lady of Lourdes were the scene of a very delightful garden party on Wednesday of last week. The refreshments and decorations were worthy of praise, and in the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns.

An interesting family reunion took place in Buffalo of eight matrons, sisters of the late A. Blackford of Toronto. Mesdames Rand of Minneapolis, Lamb, Dodge and McWilliam of Detroit, Valentine, Taylor, Cook and Timms of Buffalo are these ladies who were *feled* and congratulated on their happy gathering by hosts of Buffalo friends. Four of the matrons have celebrated golden weddings, and some of the others expect soon to see the golden anniversary of a happy wedding day.

Mrs. Sandys of Chatham is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Denison.

Mrs. T. C. Street Macklem returned from England last week and joined Mr. Macklem in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Christie removed this week to their residence at 55 Wellesley street, where the many friends of one of the prettiest brides of the year will find her on Mondays this fall.

Mrs. Ross Robertson, with Master Irving Robertson, is at the sea-side.

A special feature of the Domino Ball was the Two-Step composed by Mr. Albert Nordheimer especially for the occasion, and dedicated by him to Miss Delano Osborne.

Among those who attended the Friday Tennis at Niagara were: Miss Dawson, Miss L. de, Capt. Burns, Mr. Percival Ridout, Miss Bankes, Miss Bush, Mr. Henry Sprague and Mr. Perkins of Buffalo, Mr. W. A. Ferguson of Montreal, Mr. Duncan Campbell, Miss K. Homer Dixon, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Gowski, Miss G. Howard, Mr. T. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. Cassels, Miss Edith Morrison, Dr. Spencer, Mrs. Spence, Miss Muckle, Dr. H. Patrick Walker, Mrs. Walker, Mr. A. M. Kirkpatrick, Miss Beardmore, Mr. H. S. Mara, Miss Bookly, Mrs. Griffin, Mr. Cox, Mr. Alfred Boulton, Mrs. James, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. Vivian, Miss Minnie Parsons, Miss Richardson of London, Mr. Jack Alley, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. C. Hamilton of Kingston.

Miss Nettie Follis of London left this week to spend three weeks in Orangeville after visiting Miss Bertie Armstrong of Fenning street.

Mrs. H. Ellis and Miss Price are the guests of Mrs. Fleury, Inglehurst, Aurora.

Mrs. Bunting and Mrs. Proctor have been spending a few days with Mrs. Riordan of St. Catharines.

Miss Plummer of College street left on Wednesday, July 10, per steamer Paris, for a two months' visit to Europe.

Miss Grace Weeks of Thorold spent last week with her sister, Mrs. S. T. Church, 53 Alexander street.

Mrs. H. W. Wood returned to her home in Richmond, Virginia, on Monday last, after a visit of several weeks at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Harry Ryrie.


Masters Harry and Otto Torrington are enjoying camp life in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Perrin and Miss Evelyn, their daughter, of Blecker street are summering at Lake Range Farm, Port Elgin.

Mrs. J. B. Tinning and son, of 15 Tranby avenue, accompanied by Miss Neal of San Diego, California, have left for a trip to Montreal and Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Miss Boulton of Toronto; Mrs. Lewis, nurse and children, of London; Mr. and Mrs. Read and Mr. Easton from New York, are at Ferndale House, Muskoka.

The following are the arrivals at the Belvidere Hotel, Parry Sound: Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Prentice, Mr. D. Y. Leslie of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Ray, Miss Forbes, Dr. A. T. Scott, Mr.



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90c and up—Ladies' Print Wrappers.

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\$4.50—Tweed Costumes, and up to \$15.

Hepionette, \$5 up.
Waterproofs, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.75 and \$6.50.

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and Mrs. W. H. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Maclean, Master Gerald A. Maclean and nurse, of Toronto; Mr. D. L. White of Saginaw; Mr. W. E. Bingwood of Bay City; Mr. and Mrs. Pell of England; Mrs. Boulster of Scranton; Dr. W. E. Buchan of London; Mrs. N. H. Rodgers, two children and maid, of Cleveland; Mrs. McPherson of Hamilton.

Mrs. R. B. Brimer and family have gone to Sparrow Lake for the summer months.

Miss Lillie Smallpeice of Avenue road is staying with Miss Kate Reynolds of Park House, Guelph.

Mr. Herbert Wetherald is spending his summer holidays with his aunt at Hillcrest Cottage, Windermere, Muskoka.

Miss Lillian Johnstone and Miss Emily Robinson are the guests of Mrs. John Campbell, at Long Lake Cottage, Bala, Muskoka.

Mrs. C. Ladd Lugadin of Euclid avenue is visiting friends in Detroit. On her return Mr. and Mrs. Lugadin will take up their residence at Center Island.

Mr. J. M. Clark, M.A., of McPherson, Clark & Jarvis, sailed for the Old Country last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gibson of Oaklawn, Deer Park, have returned from their wedding trip. They spent three delightful months of travel in England, Scotland and France.

Messrs. M. Hutchison and R. S. Williams were in town for the bowling tournament on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Brown of Huron street, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Denton of Borden street, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Winter of St. Andrew street and Mrs. George Lewis of Queen street west are spending the summer at Bond's Lake, Oak Ridges.

A very successful and enjoyable dance was given on Friday evening, July 12, at Park House, Guelph. Mrs. Reynolds was assisted by her daughters, also Mrs. T. Keating, Mrs. (Dr.) Orton, Miss Grenside, Miss Finlay, Miss Bond, Miss Pipe, and the Misses Mills. Mrs. Reynolds was prettily attired in black and white silk. The house was tastefully decorated with marguerites, ferns and carnations. Between the waving branches of trees in the orchard and on the spacious lawn could be seen the glimmer of many Chinese lanterns. Secluded seats and a cosy summer-house were near by where a happy couple could feel safe from intrusion. Supper was served in an ante-room, where Mrs. Orton and Mrs. Keating gracefully presided. Thither the light-hearted dancers went to refresh themselves with the dainty viands there to be found. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds received their guests, who numbered about two hundred and fifty, at the drawing-room door. Among those present were: Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Loucks of Ottawa, Mrs. McLachlan of Montreal, Dr. and Mrs. Grenside of Niagara, Miss Wells of New York, Mr. Mabey and Miss Lillie Smallpeice of Toronto, Dr. and Mrs. Lett, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Archdeacon and Mrs. Dickson, Prof. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Harvey, Mrs. Oxnard, Messrs. Nelles, Lamprey, Mills, Dunbar, Docherty, Herod and Morris.

Mr. W. T. R. Preston, the Legislative librarian, called this week for England.

Miss Vero of Atherstone, England, who has been in this country for the last year, sailed on the Lucania last Saturday.

Mrs. Charles B. Lowndes and Miss Florence Lowndes left on Monday last to visit friends in Avondale, Cincinnati.

Miss Sibbitt of Brantford is visiting Miss Beasley of Parkdale.

Mrs. Church of Rosedale has returned from Quebec, where she was the guest of the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Chapleau.

The following are at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point, Lake Simcoe: Mr. and Mrs. John Gray Gibson, Miss Gibson, Mr. P. E. Ritchie, Mr. Justice C. H. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. James Haverson, Mrs. Lumsden, Miss Whitney, Miss Richardson, Mr. Robert Birmingham, Mr. A. Birmingham, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. George Joseph, Mrs. Lewis Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan, Miss M. Stern, Mrs. K. Blake Watkins, Dr. and Mrs. Jerold Ball, Messrs. W. J. McClelland, E. A. F. Miles, G. E. Gray, G. H. Gray, J. P. Hodgins, M. D. Muir, J. P. Brooke, John Beer, R. D. Stovel, Howard G. Fletcher, William W. Dickson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Miss Gilmour of Montreal, Mrs. B. Ross McConkey of Guelph, Miss May Laidlaw, Miss McConkey and Dr. Bosanko of Barrie.

The following are registered at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park: Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Mrs. Blackford,

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mrs. Langley, Miss Verral, Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Edwin Bull, Miss Kate Bull, Mr. B. E. Bull, Mrs. F. W. Mossop, Miss Holderness, Mr. R. B. Beaumont, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henderson, Messrs. George Lugadin, Samuel Trees, William D. Wilson, James Jackson, Maurice J. Taylor, John Stone, Miss G. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Campbell, Miss Bonham, Miss Radcliffe, Messrs. Herbert Fortier, Charles Weeks, John Irving, John Littlejohn, G. W. Collins, W. R. Teskey, G. W. Parkes, T. W. Woodbridge of Toronto, Mr. J. S. Grafton, Miss Ellenor Grafton of Dundas, Mr. E. B. Anderson, Mrs. Henry Smith, Mr. D. O. Cameron, Mrs. (Dr.) Hamilton, Miss Forster, Miss Mabel Walls, Mr. M. O. Hammond of Oakville, Miss Kate I. Kennedy of Buffalo, and Mrs. S. P. Seeley of Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh are enjoying a holiday at the Sand Banks, near Picton.

Mrs. Oswald de Normandy Cammann has come to spend the summer in Canada with her mother, Mrs. Church of Rosedale.

Mrs. Esten Fletcher is the guest of Signor and Mde. D'Auria at Jackson's Point.

Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy are spending a six weeks' holiday at the Belvidere, Parry Sound.

Mr. Thomas Crawford, M.P.P., and family are summering at Grimsby Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson of Rose avenue sailed from New York on July 17 by steamer Britannia. They expect to remain abroad for a few months.

Help Me Out.
Amateur Shorthand Reporter (on the way to the hall where the meeting is to be held)—Now be sure to remember to start a round of applause whenever you can see an opportunity.

Friend—All right; but what for?
Amateur Shorthand Reporter—So as to give me a chance every now and then to catch up.

Nothing So Aristocratic.
Harpers' Bazar.
"My daughter is too democratic in her ideas," sighed Mrs. Hawkins. "I wish there was some way to make her an aristocrat."
"Send her to a cooking school," said Mrs. Barlow. "There is nothing more haughty in this world than a good cook."

A Contented Man.
An eccentric shopkeeper stuck up a board over his door, upon which was painted the following:
"I will give this business to any man who is contented."
He very soon had an applicant.
"Well, sir, are you a contented man?"
"Yes, sir, very."
"Then what do you want with my business?"
The applicant did not stop to reply.

Where's My Bonnet?
Mrs. Gradley (tearfully)—I don't care who knows it! My husband has got to give up either me or his 'lodge! He gets worse and worse; I don't believe he'll ever be any account, the worthless brute!"
Neighbor (soothingly)—I didn't think it was so bad. But Mrs. Gossiper did tell me, yesterday, that your husband was a poor creature at best."
Mrs. Gradley (flaring up)—Oh, she did, did she? Well, I'll just let that backbiting gossip know she can't run around slandering the best man in this town! Poor creature, indeed! He's worth a thousand Tom Gossipers, and I'll let her know it! Wait till I get my bonnet."

Books for Summertime

What better company can you have through a summer day than a good book? On the lake, in the woods, by rail, by boat, wherever you are or wherever you go, you will feel the need of a book. Don't go away without seeing our entire selection. Complimentary expressions with regard to our stock are constant, and we are sure to suit you.

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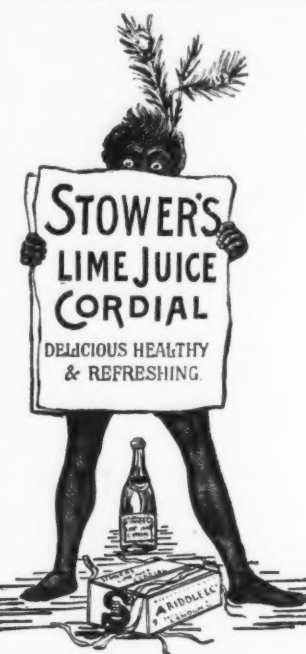
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A Delicious Beverage
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she? Well, I'll just let that backbiting gossip know she can't run around slandering the best man in this town! Poor creature, indeed! He's worth a thousand Tom Gossipers, and I'll let her know it! Wait till I get my bonnet."

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The Fashionable Dressmaker
Has just returned from New York after inspecting the latest styles in American, French and English dresses.
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Long Waist
Coraline Corset

This beautifully modelled Corset is designed to meet the requirements of the latest Parisian design, adds grace and contour to the figure and enriches the appearance of the dress worn, is filled with our best pressed and tempered patent Coraline Cord, which, as a filling, is the most popular and satisfactory in use.

French Model
Coraline Corset

The French Model has the same length of waist as the Long Waist Coraline Corset, and differs from it only by being shorter below the hips and at the front, which we commend it to those who wish a shorter Corset with Long Waist. They can always be recognised, as they have our name with Coraline and date of patent stamped on the inside of the Corset.

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Standard Dress Bone

The CROMPTON CORSET CO.
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A Great Improvement on the Hot Air System.
We have all the latest improvements. The respective departments are under the management of Mr. James Munn and Miss Maggie Riddell, both late of Cook's.

REDUCED PRICES in our Hair Dressing Parlors. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect. Bleaching and Dyeing a specialty. Bangs, Waves, Wigs and Switches in store and made to order. Switches from 75c up. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, and \$1. Send for our Price List.

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It is Better to Dye Young Than Old

Premature Gray Hair
In many cases, is produced by the simple way of neglecting the hair and scalp.
The progress of the growing in of gray hair can be averted to a certain extent, even if the gray hair is hereditary, by the use of ARMAND'S Eau de Cologne and Cantharides, with the combined aid of ARMAND'S Mineral Brilliantine Compound.
We treat the hair and scalp in all cases of premature gray hair, disease, fever, and illness, etc.

Dyeing Gray Hair is a science, and a secret as to the dye used. We are experts in the hair line, and can color and restore the hair to any color desired where all others have failed.
A cheap hair dye does not pay, unless one wishes to appear ridiculous. We have improved on the best hair dye in the market.
ARMAND'S Instantaneous Gray Hair Restorer has obtained the only reward discussed at the World's Fair for Hair Dyes. Price \$3; 2 for \$5.
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The Professor's Experiment.

BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Brankmere*, *The Duchess*, *A Born Coquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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CHAPTER XXXV.—(CONTINUED).

Wyndham, congratulating himself on the success of his latest enterprise, takes himself off presently to inspect a farm five miles farther out in the country, that had been left to him by his mother, with the Cottage. He has determined on taking the Rectory on his way back to meet the evening train, to enlist further Mr. Barry's sympathy for his tenant. He tells himself, with a glow of self-satisfaction, that he is uncommonly good to his tenant; but so, of course, he ought to be—that dying promise to the Professor being sacred, and if it were not for the affection he had always felt for that great, dead man, he would beyond doubt never have thought of her again. . . . There is much moral support in this conclusion.

Yes, he will spend half an hour at the Rectory. He can get back from the farm in plenty of time for that, and Miss Manning being an old friend of the Rector's, the latter will be even more inclined to take up her pupil, which will be a good thing for the poor girl. He repeats the words "poor girl," and finds satisfaction in them. They seem to show how entirely indifferent he is to her and her fortunes. That mental slip of his a while ago had alarmed him slightly. But "poor girl," to call her that precludes the idea of anything like—Pshaw!

He dismisses the "poor girl," from his mind forthwith and succeeds admirably in getting rid of her, whilst blowing up his other tenants on the farm. But on his way back again to Curraghoyne her memory once more becomes troublesome.

To-day, so far, things have gone well. She had seemed satisfied with Miss Manning, Miss Manning with her. And as for the fear of an immediate scandal, that seems quite at rest. But in time the old worry is sure to mount to the surface again. For example, when Mrs. Prior hears of her—Ella—she wishes now, trudging grimly over the uneven road, that he had not let that astute woman to believe his tenant was a man—as she inevitably must, there will be a row on somewhere that will make the welkin ring, and after that, goodbye to his chances with Lord Shangarry, who has very special views about the right and the wrong.

If only this silly girl could be persuaded to come out of her shell and mingle with her kind, all might be got over after a faint wrestle or two, but no! Angrily he tells himself that there is no chance of that. Soft as she looks, and gentle, and lovable—(h'm—she kicks a stone out of his way) and pleasant-looking and all that, he feels absolutely sure that nobody will be able to drag her out of her self-imposed imprisonment.

After this diatribe it is only natural that he should, on entering the Rectory garden, feel himself a prey to astonishment on seeing amongst a turbulent group upon the edges of the tennis court the "poor girl" laughing with all her heart.

He stands still within the shelter of the laurels to ask himself if his eyesight has failed him thus early in life. But his eyesight still continues excellent, and when he sees the "poor girl" pick up Tommy and plant him on her knee, he knows that all is well with his visual organs.

The fact is that almost as he left the Cottage by the front gate, Susan had run across the road and hammered loudly at the little green one. This primitive knocking has become a signal now with the Barrys and Ella, and soon the latter had rushed to open the door. There had been entreaties from Susan that she would come over now—now, at once, and have a game of tennis with them. She did not know tennis. All the more reason why she should begin to learn, and Aunt Jemima was quite pining to know her.

"Yes, do come!"

"No—no, I can't. I have said I would never leave this place."

"Oh! That—of course—but—oh!—"

Here Susan breaks off abruptly. Who is that pretty, tall lady coming down the path? It is Miss Manning, and Ella very shyly introduces Susan to her.

"Miss Manning, tell her to come and play tennis with us this afternoon," says Susan. "Not a soul but ourselves, and she's very lonely here. Father says she ought to see people."

"I think as your father does," says Miss Manning gently.

"And will you come too?" asks Susan. "Aunt Jemima," with born courtesy, "will come and see you to-morrow, but in the meantime—"

"I am afraid I have some unpacking to do," says Miss Manning, smiling, having fallen in love with Susan's soft, flushed face and childish air. "But if you can persuade Ella—I know, my dear," to Ella, who has turned a sad face to hers, a face that has yet the longing for larger life upon it, "that you wish never to leave this place. But to go just across the road. . . . And there is no one there, Miss Barry tells you; and it is only a step or two, and," smiling again, "if you wish it, I'll go over in an hour and bring you back again."

"No, don't do that," says Ella. "You are tired." She hesitates. Then looks out of the gateway and up and down the lane. It is quite empty.

"Well, I'll come," says she, giving her hand to Susan. It is evidently a desperate resolve. Even as she says it she makes a last drawback, but Susan clings to her hand and pulls her forward, and together the girls run down the lane to the Rectory gate and into it, Ella all the time holding Susan tightly, as if for protection.

This was how it happened that Ella first left the shelter of the Cottage. She was most kindly received by the Rector, who spared a moment from his precious books to welcome her—and even agreeably by Aunt Jemima. Ella had gone through the ordeal of these two

introductions shyly but quietly. She had, however, been a little startled at finding that added to the Barrys congregated on the lawn (a goodly number in themselves) there was a strange gentleman. Crosby struck her at first sight as being formidable—an idea that, if the young Barrys had known it, would have sent them into hysterics of mirth.

Crosby had strolled down early in the afternoon, and now Wyndham, standing gazing amongst the shrubberies, can see him turn from Susan to say something or other to Ella. Wyndham in his voluntary confinement feels a sharp pang clutch at his breast. He stands still, as if unable to go on—watching the little pantomime.

Tommy is speaking now. The child's voice rings clear and low.

"I'll tell you a story." He has put up a little fat hand and is pinching Ella's cheek. Ella has caught the little hand and is kissing it. How pretty. . . .

"Silence!" cries Crosby gaily. "Tommy is going to tell Miss Moore a story." There seems something significant to Wyndham in his tone. Why should he demand silence in that imperative manner, just because Miss Moore wishes a story to be told to her? He hesitates no longer; he comes quickly forward and up to the group.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"To feel every prompting of pleasure,
To know every pulsing of pain—
To dream of life's happiest measure,
And find all her promise vain."

Susan sees him first, and pushing Bonnie gently from her, rises to meet him.

"How do you do?" says she.

"That you, Wyndham?" cries Crosby. "You are just in time to hear Tommy's story. Miss Moore has promised to lend him her support during the recital." For all Crosby's lightness of tone there is a strange scrutinizing expression in his clever eyes as he looks at Wyndham. He knows that Ella Moore's presence here must prove a surprise to him, and how will he take it? The girl seems well enough, but—And if Wyndham has been capable of placing so close to this family of young, young people someone who—

He is studying Wyndham very acutely. But all that he can make out of Wyndham's face is surprise and something that might be termed relief: nothing more. As for the girl! She is the one that looks confused. She rises, holding Tommy by her side, and looks appealingly at Wyndham. She would have spoken perhaps, but that the Rector, who has not yet gone back to his study, takes up the parable.

"We are very glad to have persuaded Miss Moore to come here to-day," says he, in a tone to be heard by everyone. "She has told me that you came down this morning, bringing Miss Manning with you. That will be a source of pleasure to us all I am quite sure." He bows his courteous old head as amiably as though Miss Manning over the road could hear him. It is a tribute to her perfections. After this he buttocks Wyndham and draws him apart a bit.

"She's a nice girl, Wyndham. A nice girl, I really think. A most guileless countenance! But not educated you know. Betty and Susan—mere children as they are—could almost teach her."

The Rector sighs. He always regards his girls as having stood still since his wife's death. Children they were then, children they are now. He had not seemed to live himself since her death. After that, indeed, all things stood still for him.

"Yes. But she seems intelligent—clever," says Wyndham a little coldly.

"I daresay. And now you have secured Miss Manning for her! That was a wise step," said the Rector thoughtfully. "She owes you much, Wyndham. I was glad when Susan persuaded her to come over here to-day. But I doubt if she will consent to go farther. She seems terrified at the thought of being far from your—her home. Have you not yet discovered any trace of that scoundrel, Moore?"

The bond between them might surely be broken.

"There is no bond between them. Of that I am convinced," says Wyndham.

"I trust not. I trust not," says the Rector. He makes a little gesture of farewell and goes back to his beloved study, his head bent, his hands clasped behind his back as usual.

"We're waiting for you, Mr. Wyndham," calls out Betty, arching her slender neck to look over Dominick's shoulder. The wind has caught her fair fluffy hair and is ruffling it.

"Yes. Come along, Wyndham," says Crosby. "Tommy's story is yet to tell."

"Better have one from you instead, Mr. Crosby," says Susan hastily. She knows Tommy! "You can tell us all about lions and niggers and things. You'd like to hear of niggers and lions, Tommy," in a wheedling tone, "wouldn't you?"

Wyndham by this time has joined the group, and scarcely knowing how, finds himself sitting on half of a rug, the other half of which belongs to his tenant.

"I want to tell my own story," says Tommy, with determination. He is evidently a boy possessed of much firmness, and one not to be done by anyone, if he can help it.

"But Tommy," persists Susan, who has dismal reasons for dreading his literary efforts, "I think you had better not tell one just now. We—that is—"

"Oh! do let him tell it," says Ella softly.

"My dear Susan," says Crosby, "would you deprive us of an entertainment so unique? One we may never enjoy again?"

"Well, go on, Tommy," says Susan, resigning herself to the worst.

"There once was a man," begins Tommy, and pauses. Silence reigns around. "An' he fell into a big bit of water!" The silence grows profounder.

"'Twas as big as this," making a movement of his short arms a foot or so from the ground,

At this there are distinct groans of fear.

"An' he was drowned—a little fish ate him."

"Oh, Tommy!" says Susan, in woful tones, who can now pretend to be really frightened with a free heart. Evidently Tommy's story this time is going to be of the mildest order. "He didn't really eat him?"

"He did. He did!" says Tommy, delighted at Susan's fright. "He ate him all up. Every bit of him!"

Here Susan lets her face fall into her hands, and Tommy relents.

"But he wasn't killed," says he. He looks anxiously at Susan's bowed head. "No, he wasn't!" Susan lifts her head and shakes it at him reproachfully. "Well, he wasn't, really," says Tommy again. This repetition is not only meant as a help to Susan to mitigate her extreme grief, but to give him pause whilst he makes up another chapter.

"Oh, are you sure?" asks Susan tragically.

"I am. The fish swallowed him, but he came up again."

"Who gave the emetic?" asks Dominick, but very properly no one attends to him.

"Yes, well, what's after that?" asks Betty.

"Well," Tommy stares at the earth and then, with happy inspiration, "the nasty witch got him."

"Poor old soul," says Carew.

"The witch, Tommy? But—"

"Yes. The witch," angrily. "An' then the goat said—"

"Goat! What goat?" asks Ella, very naturally, considering all things.

"That goat," says Tommy, who really is wonderful. He points his lovely fat thumb down to where, in the distant field, a goat is browsing. His wandering eye had caught it as he vaguely talked, and he had at once embellished it and twisted it into his imagination.

"Yes?" says Susan, seeing the child pause, and trying to help him. "The goat?"

"The goat—an' the witch." Long pause here, and plain incapacity to proceed. Tommy has evidently come face to face with a *cul de sac*.

"Hole in the Ballad," says Dominick to Betty in a low tone.

"Go on, Tommy," says Susan encouragingly. Really Tommy's story is so presentable this time that she quite likes to give him a lift, as it were.

"Well, the witch fell down," says Tommy, goaded to endeavor, "an' the goat sat on her."

"Not on her," says Susan, with dainty protest. "You know you frightened me once, Tommy, but now—"

"Yes, they did, Susan. They did." In his excitement he has duplicated the enemy.

"They all sat down on her! Every one of them. Twenty of them!"

"But, Tommy, you said there was only one goat."

This is rash of Susan.

"I don't care!" cries Tommy, who is of a liberal disposition. "There was twenty of them. An' they all sat down on her. First on her stomach, an', solemnly turning himself, and clasping both his fat hands over the seat of his small breeches, 'an' then on her here!"

He lifts his hands and smacks them down again. He indeed most graphically illustrates his "here!"

There is an awful silence. Susan, stricken dumb, sits silent. She knew how it would be if she let that wretched child speak.

Shamed and horrified, she draws back, almost praying that the earth may open and swallow her up quick. She casts a despairing glance at Crosby to see how he has taken this horrible fiasco, before following Dathan and Abiram, but what she sees in his face stops her prayers, and, in fact, reverses them.

Crosby is shaking with laughter, and now, as she looks, catches Tommy in his arms and hugs him. Another moment and Betty breaks into a wild burst of laughter, after which everyone else follows suit.

"I'm going to publish your story, Tommy, at any price," says Mr. Crosby, putting Tommy back from him, upon his knee, and gazing with interest at that tiny, astonished child.

"There will be trouble with the publishers. But I'll get it done at all risks to life and limb. I don't suppose I shall be spoken to afterwards by any respectable person, but that is of little moment when a literary gem is in question."

Tommy not understanding, but scenting fun, laughs gaily.

"I don't think you ought to encourage him like that," says Susan, whose pretty mouth, however, is sweet with smiles.

"One should always encourage a genius," says Crosby, undisturbed.

There is a little stir here. Tommy has wriggled out of Crosby's lap and has gone back to Ella, who receives him with—literally—open arms. Wyndham is watching her curiously. Her manner all through Tommy's absurdly interesting tale has been a revelation to him. He had found out for one thing that he had never heard her laugh before, at all events not like that. No, he had never heard her really laugh before, and, indeed, perhaps poor Ella in all her sad young life had never laughed like that until now. It had been to the shrewd young barrister as though he had looked upon her for the first time to-day, after quite two months of acquaintance. He who prided himself, and had often been complimented on his knowledge of character, his grasp of a client's real mind from his first half-hour with him or her.

Her mirth had astonished him. She, the pale, frightened girl, to laugh like that! There had been no loudness in her mirth either; it had been soft and refined, if very gay and happy. She had laughed as a girl might who had been born to happiness in every way—to silken robes and delicate surroundings, and all the paraphernalia that go to make up the life of those born into families that can count their many grandfathers.

Once or twice he had told himself half impatiently—angry with the charge laid upon his unwitting shoulders—that the girl was good-looking. Now he told himself something more. That she was lovely, with that smile upon her face, as she sits—all unconscious of his criticism—with Tommy in her arms, and

"Eyes

Up-glancing brightly mischievous, a spring of brilliant laughter waiting on the brink of lips like flowers, small earnest hands

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Physicians of First Rank

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BOHEMIAN

ROYAL EXPORT

LAGER

TORONTO, CANADA.

Tight looked

around the lucky Tommy's waist.

But now she puts Tommy (who has evidently fallen a slave to her charms, and repudiates loudly her right to give him away like this) down on his sturdy feet, and comes a little forward to where Susan is standing.

"I'm afraid I must go now," says she.

"Oh, not yet," says Susan. "There is plenty of time. It isn't as if you had to drive five miles to get to your home."

"Still—I think—" She looks so anxious that Susan, who is always charming, understands her.

"If you must go," whispers she sweetly, "if you would rather—well then, do go. But to-morrow, and every other day, you must come back to us. Carew—"

"I'm here," says Carew, coming up, and blushing as well as the best of girls as he takes Ella's hand. "I'll see you home," says he.

"I don't think it will be necessary," says Wyndham shortly. Then stops confounded at his own imprudence, considering all the circumstances. Yet the words had fallen from him without volition of his own. "The fact is," says he quickly, "I too am going now, and will be able to see Miss Moore safely within her gate."

Carew frowns and Susan comes to the rescue.

"We'll all go," cries she gaily.

"The very thing," says Crosby. "That will give me a little more of your society, as I also must drag myself away."

"The 'your' is so very general that nobody takes any notice of it, and they all go up the small avenue together.

"You were surprised to see me here?" says Ella in a nervous whisper to Wyndham, who has doggedly taken possession of her, in spite of the knowledge that such a proceeding will in the end tell against him.

"I confess I was," stiffsly.

"You are displeased?"

"On the contrary. You know I always advised you to show yourself; to defy your enemies. You can defy them, you know."

"Yes—but—I mean that after all I said to you about my dislike, my fear of leaving the Cottage, you must think it queer of me to be here to-day."

"I do not, indeed. I think it only natural that you should break through such a melancholy determination. Besides, no doubt," with increasing coldness, "you had an inducement."

"Yes. Yes, I had," says she quickly.

"Ah! A pause. "Someone you have seen lately?"

"Quite lately."

Second pause, and prolonged.

"I suppose you will soon see a way out of all your difficulties?"

No doubt she had fallen in love with Crosby, and he with her, and—

"No, I don't think there is any chance of that," says she mournfully. "But when Susan Barry, asked me to come here I couldn't resist it. You can see for yourself what an inducement she is."

Susan! Is it only Susan? He pulls himself up sharply. Well, and if so, where is the matter for rejoicing? Of course, being left in a sense her guardian by the Professor, he is bound to feel an interest in her—but a vague interest such as that should not be accompanied by this quick relief, this sudden sensation of—

of what?

Dominick, just behind him, is singing at the top of his lungs—sound ones:

"As I walked out mid' Dinn
By other afternoon,
De day could not be finer,
Ho! de ring-tailed coon!"

He is evidently pointing this nigger melody at Betty, who has been rash enough to go walking out with him. She has gone even farther. She has condescended to sing a second to his exceedingly loud first, a stroke of genius

on her part, as it has taken the wind out of his sails so far as his belief in his powers of teasing her (on this occasion, at all events,) is concerned.

Mr. Wyndham takes the opportunity of the second verse coming to a thrilling conclusion, to break off his conversation with Ella. And now, indeed, they are all at the little green gate, and are saying their adieux to her. And presently they have all gone away again, and Ella, standing inside, feels as if life and joy and all things have been shut off from her with the locking of that small green gate.

"Isn't she pretty?" cries Susan enthusiastically, when they have bidden good-bye to Crosby and Wyndham too, and are back again on their own small lawn.

"She's a regular bud," says Dcm, striking a tragic attitude. He doesn't mean anything really, but Carew, with darkling brow, goes up to him.

"I think you ought to speak more respectfully of her," says he. "It isn't because she is alone in the world that one should throw stones at her."

"Betty, I appeal to you," says Dominick. "Did I throw a stone? Come, speak up. I take this as a distinct insult. The man who would throw a stone at a woman—He's gone!" says Mr. Fitzgerald, staring at Carew's disappearing form. "Well, I do call that mean. And I had arranged a peroration that would have astonished the natives. Anyway, Susan," turning, "what did I say to offend him? Called her a bud. Isn't a bud a nice

word?"

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thing! I declare he's as touchy about her as though she were his best girl."

"What's a best girl?" asks Betty.

"The one you like best."

"Well, perhaps she's his," growing interested. "Susan, I do believe he is in love with her."

"Do you?" says Susan thoughtfully. And then, "Oh, no. Boys never fall in love."

"Dom thinks they do," says Betty, turning a saucy glance on Fitzgerald. She flings a rose at him. "Who's your best girl?" asks she.

"Need you ask?" returns that youth with his most sentimental air.

"I don't think I quite approve of her," says Miss Barry, joining in the conversation at this moment, and shaking her curls severely. "I thought her a little free this afternoon."

"Oh, Auntie!"

"Certainly, Susan! Most distinctly free."

"I thought her one of the gentlest and quietest girls I ever met," says Carew, who has strolled back to them, after his short ebullition of temper, unable indeed to keep away.

"What do you know of girls?" says Miss Barry scornfully.

"I'm sure she's gentle," says Dominick, who is so devoted to Carew that he would risk a great deal, even his friendship, to keep him out of trouble, "and very, very good, because she is beyond all doubt most femininely dull."

"Fig," says Betty in a whisper. She makes a little movement towards him, and a second later gets a pinch and a wild yell out of him.

"What I say I maintain," says Miss Barry masterfully. "She may be a nice girl. A gentle girl. The grandest girl that was ever known! I'm the last in the world to deprecate anyone. But who is she? That's what I want to know. And no one knows who she is. Perhaps of the lower classes for all we know. And indeed, I noticed a few queer terms of speech. And when I said she was free, Susan—I meant it. I heard her distinctly call that child "pointing to him—"Tommy. Now if she is as I firmly believe—(your father is a person of no discrimination, you know), a person of a lower grade than ourselves, didn't it show great freedom to do that? Yes. She distinctly said "Tommy."

"Well, she didn't say 'Hell and Tommy,' anyway," says Dominick, who sometimes runs over to London to see the theaters.

"If she had," says Miss Barry with dignity, who has never seen the outside of a theater, "I should have had no hesitation whatsoever in sending for the sergeant and giving her in charge."

(To be continued.)

"The Iceman Has Come."

Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A woman residing in a flat ordered a piece of ice from the grocery. The youth who brought it was a German. He put it on the dumb-waiter in the basement to be hoisted up. She pulled away.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed; "how heavy this ice is! The grocer must have given me good weight."

By great exertion she succeeded in getting the dumbwaiter up. To her astonishment she found the boy seated on the ice. With what breath she had left she demanded:

"What did you make me pull you up here for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "I thought the cake would be too heavy for you to lift, so I came up to help you off with it."

This Sheriff Had Nerve.

Washington Post.

"The bravest act I saw during my residence in Leadville," said Peyton R. Hull, who spent upward of ten years in the camp, "was when a mob tried to lynch a man and the Sheriff protected him."

"A lawyer named Early was trying a case before Justice of the Peace De Long. A dispute arose between him and the counsel on the opposing side, and the latter pulled his gun and attempted to shoot Early. Before he could pull the trigger—or, at least, before he could hit Early—the latter, whose marksmanship was somewhat better, fired across the table and killed his opponent. The shooting was altogether justifiable, but people were sick of such tragedies, and in less time than it takes to tell it a mob formed and an attempt was made to lynch the lawyer. Among the crowd were several policemen, who, instead of trying to quiet the outbreak, were as loud as the rest in shouting for Early's blood, and the situation was critical to a fine point.

"Early had not yet left the court room, and nothing on earth apparently stood between him and a horrible death, when a man appeared on the scene whose nerve was sufficient to paralyze the clamorous mob and save the lawyer's life. The court room was but a short distance from the county jail, and the outbreak had been witnessed almost from its starting by the Sheriff. This official was a big German named Peter Becker, who, before he was elected sheriff, ran a saddlery shop on Chestnut street. Becker, as soon as he saw the mob forming, ran over to see what the trouble was, and darted upstairs into the court room, where he found Early and the dead man, and was briefly informed what had transpired and the danger to which Early was exposed.

"Do as I tell you," Becker said to Early, "and I'll take you to jail and no mother's son shall touch you."

"The mob was just about to rush upstairs, when they saw Early and the Sheriff coming to meet them. Early was in front and Becker behind, both arms around the lawyer's waist and each hand holding a sinister-looking waist shooter pointing straight at the crowd, his eyes watching every movement they made over Early's shoulder. He was using the lawyer's body as a breastwork, while at the same time he was protecting him with his revolver. When they reached the foot of the stairs Becker told the mob to fall back.

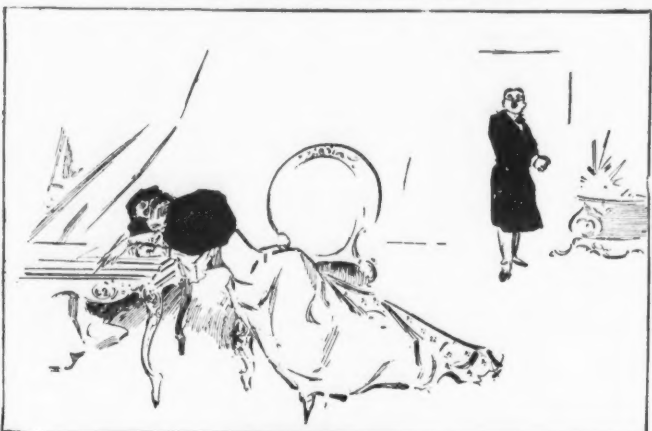
"I'm going to take this man to jail!" he cried out above the confusion. "He is my prisoner and is going to be protected if it takes my life. You can't kill him without killing me, and if any man lays a hand on him while he is in my custody, I'll drop him in his tracks! Now clear the way!"

"He pushed Early before him and passed into the crowd, the Sheriff walking step by



The Great Divorce Scene, and the Fatal Inkstand.

Ah, this cruel paper, I cannot sign it, I cannot.



(Sinks in despair—)



and arises in this sad condition.)

(Copyrighted.)

step behind his prisoner, and the two moving like one man. The foremost of the mob found the Sheriff's gun barrel frowning them right in the eyes, and made room, as did the men next behind. And one after another, while the revolvers were pointing right and left and straight ahead as though on a sensitive swivel, the crowd pressed aside and formed a narrow lane through which the Sheriff and his prisoner passed into the street and finally reached the jail unmolested.

"It was the grittiest piece of business I ever saw, and it won with the mob. Early was tried and acquitted by a unanimous verdict, and at last accounts was practicing in Kansas City."

Taught in Early Life.

Rochester Herald.

A noise in the pantry.

Pater familias, armed with a seven-chambered, long 32, Brown & Biglins bulldog revolver (one must be explicit as to weapons) followed by mater, en deshabille, sneaks downstairs and demands in an awful voice:

"Who are you?"

Voice—It's me, papa, into the jam.

Mrs. Beacon Hill (severely)—Shoo! Wendell, and shoot to kill.

Mr. Beacon Hill (horrid)—What! Kill our only son?

Mrs. Beacon Hill (impatiently)—It is not our son. Our Emerson would have said, "It is I, papa."

Interrupted the Witness.

Atlanta Constitution.

Some time since, in southwest Georgia, a murder case was being tried before a certain judge. The State's attorneys had seen the shooting, and they had an old negro on the witness stand. The negro became intensely interested in the story he was telling. His big eyes were fixed upon the lawyer who was questioning him, and he seemed to think there was no other person in the room. He was trembling with excitement, so much so that he stammered, and he told his story as if he was having a strictly private and confidential conversation with the State's attorney.

"An' den, boss," he said in solemn and awe-struck tones, "J-j-jee 'ez I war a-comin' roun' de cornah, sah, I see him 'long o' de lamp pos'."

"What time was this?" asked the Judge.

The witness paused just for a second, as if something had disturbed him; but then, without turning his head, he went on:

"J-j-jee 'ez I war a-comin' roun' de cornah, boss, I seen him 'long o' de lamp pos'."

The Judge rapped the desk before him smartly with his gavel.

"Stop!" he said. "The court is asking you a question. At what time did you come around the corner?"

Again the witness stopped and made a motion with his hands as if he was brushing away a fly from his ear, but he never turned around, and again started to tell his story:

"Ex I was a sayin', boss, I rounded dat dah cornah, an' I seen him 'long o' de—"

The Judge brought his mallet down with a noise which almost caused the witness to leap off the stand, and roared out:

"What do you mean, sir! If you do not

answer my question instantly I shall commit you!"

The witness turned, faced the court, and said in deprecating tones:

"L-look er yere, boss, doan' you see I'm talking to dis gen'lman?"

The lawyers were almost convulsed with laughter, the Judge bent his head and shook with merriment, and the witness was allowed to finish his story undisturbed.

An A 1 Rating.

His Satanic Majesty (at the grating)—Whom have you there, Baal?

Baal—A wheelman from Toronto.

H. S. M.—What qualifications?

Baal—He never yielded the devil's strip; not on his life.

H. S. M.—He shall have it here, too. Take him to No. 1, front row.

Printed Copy Preferred.

Judge.

Mrs. Twiss—For heaven's sake, Edward, do tell Maria to take those children out for a walk and leave me in quiet to read.

Mr. Twiss—Certainly, my dear; certainly. What is your book?

Mrs. Twiss—The Heavenly Twins. They are too amusing for anything.

With the Humorists.

Tailor—Why did you send me back my bill?

Editor—I am very sorry, but it was altogether unfit for publication.

He—Ah, I knew I had had the pleasure of meeting you before; your name is Green, I believe? She (sweetly)—Well, it used to be Green, two or three husbands ago.

Official Receiver (at a meeting of creditors)—What have you come here for? Professional Beggar—To put in my claim. Herr Meyerstein used to give me twopenny every week.

The Old Boy—So you didn't believe there was any such place as this, eh! How do you feel about it now? Voice from the bottomless pit—Oh, it's so damned hot to discuss religion.

Aunt Ann—Do you mean to tell me that them Hittles actually served claret-punch at their gathering? How wicked! Maud Elith (who had sampled some of the punch)—Not wicked, aunt, merely weak.

Watts—I see they are talking of running a trolley line from Jerusalem to Jaffa, or Joppa, whichever it is. What do you think of that? Potts—I think the good Samaritan will have to work overtime after the thing gets to going.

Ryder—I thought Muskine was going to get on the staff of the Evening Groucher. You remember, he said the paper would recognize brains. Sizzlin—That's what the editor said; but I understand that in Muskine's case the editor said he would prefer to wait until after an autopsy.

"You speak of that boy across the street as a 'geezer,'" said the elderly customer from the country; "what is a geezer?" "A geezer," replied the bootblack, busily polishing both his brushes, "is about the same thing as a gazabo."

"And what is a gazabo?" "Say," retorted the boy, straightening up and looking at him with open-eyed astonishment, "you'd better go to a night school."

"Young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have entrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life."

The young man was duly impressed. Then he looked at his watch. "Really," he remarked, "I had no idea it was so late. The cars have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to get downtown?" "Young man, I would not trust anybody on earth with that wheel."



THE "HERCULES" AND Trade Mark will stand anything

DOMINION SUSPENDER CO. CANADA - NIAGARA FALLS, UNITED STATES.

The Terrors of Dyspepsia.

A Disease that Makes the Life of Its Victims Almost Unbearable.

A Sufferer for Years Tells How She Obtained Relief—A Bright Way of Hope for Those Similarly Affected.

From the Bowmanville News.

The editor of the News, in company with Mr. Jury, of the well known firm of Stott & Jury, visited the home of Samuel Wood, in the township of Darlington, for the purpose of ascertaining the particulars of another of those remarkable cures happily brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It was Mrs. Wood who had thus been released from suffering, and when the newspaper man made known his mission she said, "Yes, I can give you a bright testimony in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I believe that if they did not save my life, they at all events released me from untold misery. Some three years ago dyspepsia came upon me in a severe form. I doctored with one of the local doctors for more than a year, but all the time was growing steadily worse. The medicine I took cost me a dollar a bottle, and the expenditure was worse than useless for it did me no good. Then my husband thought as I was growing worse, it would be better to try something else, as they felt that unless a change soon came I was doomed to live through the terrors of a dyspeptic's life. Sometimes I would be fairly doubled up with the pain, and it seemed as if a knife was cutting into me. I then tried a number of medicines recommended for dyspepsia, but none of them brought the hoped for relief. We had so often read of the remarkable cures achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I determined to give them a trial. I got a supply and before the second box was gone I found myself getting better. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken eleven boxes when I was fully recovered. This was a couple of years ago, and I have not now the least sign of dyspepsia." Mrs. Wood further said that her husband had been a victim of kidney trouble for a long time and had taken a great deal of medicine for its cure but to no avail. When it was seen that Pink Pills were doing his wife so much good, Mr. Wood determined to try them, and they acted like a charm as he is now entirely free from his complaint, and he attributed all to the use of Pink Pills and would not be without them in the house.

Messrs. Stott & Jury informed the News that Pink Pills have an enormous sale. They have handled Pink Pills for years and say they cannot recall a single instance in which a customer came back and said they were not perfectly satisfied with the results. This is certainly a remarkable record, but then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remarkable medicine, and cures when other medicines fail.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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The bridegroom in Mexico finds marriage a very costly business. He is expected to buy the trousseau, and he is fortunate if he can

MANLEY'S CELERY Nerve Compound

WITH BEEF, IRON AND WINE

FOR

CONSTIPATION
DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY
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ALL WEAKNESSES
BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

UNEQUALLED! UNSURPASSED
NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL!

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TRY IT

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satisfy the extravagance sanctioned by custom and prompted by ardent passion. Young men from the country are said to be often seen in the City of Mexico purchasing all sorts of finery for the ladies of their choice, and the spectacle they present as they consult the measurements, which they carry with them for all sorts of garments, is very amusing.

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Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

First Debutante—My cheeks are all on fire. Second Debutante—I thought there was a smell of burning paint!

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"How strange! The more teeth my wife loses, the more snappish she grows."

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How they Can be Obtained.

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They are made of heavy, strong paper that will endure an immense amount of handling. The complete set will be sent to any address on receipt of 3 Two-cent Stamps.



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So many gods, so many creeds—
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the *Century*

The Discomfiture of Jones

BY FRANKLIN GADSBY.

THE Doctor, who sat at the same table with Jones and Robinson, diagnosed their cases as "amorous absepsy." That was his professional and alliterative way of saying that their love was blind. But long before the doctor had cast his decision in those two words, it was patent to the other boarders that the two young men were in a bad way. Jones was a poetic young man, who did "general" and dramatic work on a daily newspaper for his subsistence and wrote sonnets and literary articles in impecunious magazines for glory. Robinson was practical, as became a writer on trade journals, drawing wise conclusions from the rise in pork and seeing sermons in the decline of soap. In neither case was there a large salary and a likeness of circumstances had drawn the two journalists together. They had smoked their pipes together, roomed together, and admired each other without stint. There were no trade articles like Robinson's, said Jones to Robinson. A heaven-born sonneteer was Jones, said Robinson to Jones.

But at last a woman came to disturb this beautiful Orestes and Pyldes relationship. Both young men fell hopelessly in love with her and friendship waned before the stronger passion. Jones lamented that fact in fourteen lines of strictly classic rhythm, but it didn't mend matters.

It was no new thing for Jones to be in love. Only twenty-four, he had been engaged twice and then—disengaged. Emotional and poetic, he had a dangerous facility for falling before the first fair female feet that came within his radius. He went about it in an orderly way, as a poet should. He laid mild siege with little quatrains, stormed her with sonnets, invested her with odes. Robinson, who had never risen to a couplet, assailed her with bon-bons, or devised ambuscades of couplets and boating parties.

The young lady, whose name was Johnson, accepted all tributes with equal graciousness, but privately preferred the bon-bons. Where the treasure is there shall the heart be also, and soon it was Robinson who was most in her company. Miss Johnson was a healthy young lady from the provinces, who came to the city to "shop," and Robinson knew more about the inside of candy shops than Jones. Miss Johnson was not ideal. She had a pair of flashing black eyes, a pair of vivid red cheeks, and a set of white teeth made for saccharine exercise. Being in luck, as she said, with two cavaliers in her train, the shopping visit extended over six weeks and in that time many things happened, and chiefly the discomfiture of Jones.

It was certainly ill advised for poet Jones to make a declaration of love two weeks after he met her. He scared her with the impetuosity of his passion. She was unaccustomed to scenes of the stage and didn't understand his poetic methods. Fearing another outbreak, she avoided him and leaned more than ever on Robinson. It was in vain that Jones at the dinner table tendered her a fervid little lyric beginning, "Upon my soul like a song she burst." She received it coldly. Or that a few days later he should again attempt her favor with questions like this:

What star danced
When thou wast born
And day enhanced
And light of moon?

Miss Johnson wasn't apt at conundrums, and then there was a box of chocolates beside her plate, placed there by Mr. Robinson, who saw with pleasure that she regarded them first. Robinson was a wise young man. He knew, what is too often disregarded by wooers, that the way to the heart is through the stomach. Jones was not inclined to yield the lady without a struggle. He developed strategic powers. He affected indifference even to recklessness. Accustomed to regard the body as more than raiment, indeed to think that "any old thing" was good enough to clothe oneself in, he now contracted unusual obligations to his tailor and haberdashers. He blossomed forth in loud checks and abnormal collars. He wore violet boutonnières and flirted aggressively with other women when Miss Johnson was at hand. He became a sad dog. He enticed a number of young men into his room and Robinson's—it was just about Miss Johnson's—and there during the liveliest night sat, apart, swore, and lost a week's salary at "draw." It was after this that Robinson, who had not been in the game, took a room by himself. But Jones had accomplished his purpose, and Miss Johnson, having heard all that profanity, would now look on him as a gay devil who played with women's hearts as he did with cards.

It was shortly after this that I met him roaming about in the Gardens one summer night. The band was playing pianissimo in a far corner. All about there was a gurgle of gay laughter and the frou-frou of feminine skirts. But Jones, with his short bristly pipe, looked as solemn as if there were no such thing as mirth and women in the world.

"Just saw Robinson and Miss Johnson," I remarked. "Ah, there they go now."

"Yes," said Jones bitterly, "there they go. Robinson with his chest inflated like a pouter pigeon and she looking so tenderly at him. I don't see what she sees in that little guy."

"The mind's the measure of the man," I replied tritely.

"Don't you believe it, old man. At least where women are concerned. They don't give a d— for intellect. Now look at that magnificent girl dotting on that brainless puppy Robinson. I never see her but I think of Homer and his ox-eyed Minerva."

"She is rather beefy, I admit. Quite cowish," Jones drew himself up stiffly, took a short puff at his pipe, sputtered, and said sharply, "Don't talk like that. Keep her name out of the question."

"All right, my boy. But you'll confess yourself that she's no midget."

Jones was silent for some time after this. Finally he broke out, "The longer I live the more I am impressed with the unreality of things. Look at these trees, this greenward. Hear that band playing and that light laughter for floriture. All are extraneous. I am myself,

The show is created by me and for me. It is when love sends the soul back upon itself that a man is oppressed by his own Ego."

"What have you got to do to-night?" I asked quite relevantly.

"A retail grocers' association."

"Well then, you'd better go there now. A good report of that will have more than extraneous interest for you, and your Ego will get the worst of it."

But Fortune stretched out her left hand to Jones. Before the week was over he had occasion to remember what a brother poet had said about the synonymy of inconstancy and women. Miss Johnson grew tired of bon-bons and such dross. She began to read over those effusions of which Jones had been so lavish. They were all neatly typewritten. The author's autograph was the only illegible thing about them. She learned there by a careful perusal how his heart "burned when she spoke," or "froze when she turned away," ached, and throbbed, and quivered, and bled, and did a hundred things that no normal heart would be guilty of. According to those manuscripts Jones was in need of the whole pharmacopoeia with a special call for digitalis. Then she learned, too, how beautiful she was. New charms that she had not dreamed of were revealed to her in every line, and that with all a poet's candor. The heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth were racked for similes to describe her beauty. She felt flattered that one man should think so much of her as to allow his heart to conduct itself so unconventionally.

Jones felt this reaction in his favor. How could he mistake it when she gave him so many tender glances? She must have been touched by that little trifle of his beginning:

Upon thy bosom's fairness
Let rest my head,
Then of the world all careless
Let care be dead.

At any rate, he wouldn't attempt to analyze her tenderness, he thought. He would enjoy it. He would as leave dissect a daisy and murder its perfume as try to probe the secret of her graciousness. Little by little he was emboldened and Robinson disheartened. Miss Johnson would leave for home on the following Monday. Jones wished to be her last pleasant recollection. It was a happy thought; he would take her to the island on Saturday night. They would reach there at 8 p.m., just as the sky was giving up its golden sunset for mild grays and tender blacks. He would hire a little skiff and row her softly down by the promenade. She would drink in the sunset beauty and the sweet crepuscular after time. Perhaps he might read to her some lyric of Swinburne's. Perhaps he might make his vows again—who knew!

It was this happy dream that Jones proceeded to carry out. Miss Johnson was quite willing, and at 8 p.m. on Saturday night they were snugly ensconced in a trim skiff listening to the music of the band as it floated out to them over the waters. The promenade, with its circle of colored lights, glittered like a carcanet of jewels. A round yellow moon was in the sky and thousands of wide-eyed stars. The electric lights fell in silver bars on the darkling waters, and little skiffs were sailing about through the silver sheen. Jones was feeling as poetic as an elaborate toilette with an infernally high collar would permit.

He never knew just how it happened, but he thinks that it was something like this, for so he tells it: "Miss Johnson was rapidly becoming permeated with the sweetness of the scene. I could see that her soul was in a state of fusion. I rose in the boat to reach for a copy of Swinburne, on the far seat. I thought that Swinburne, with his wild, unbridled, erotic lay, was just the man for the occasion. But the d— boat tipped over. Now, I can't swim a stroke. So when I came up I clutched the boat and looked for Miss Johnson. There she was about six yards away. I couldn't get to her, for I should have drowned; and there she was, going down the second time. I could think of all sorts of poetic lines on death, and her agonized expression was vividly impressed upon me, but I couldn't do a thing for her, and so gave her up for dead."

Robinson, who is not speaking to Jones, tells the rest of it. "I happened to be out in a canoe. Had nothing on but a jersey, a pair of

trousers and canvas shoes. So when I saw a lady struggling in the water and the idiot who was with her hanging like a clam to the boat, I rowed up and grabbed her by the collar. I held her until a boat came up and then I took her to the boarding house in a coupe. She was pretty well scared, but not much the worse for her outing."

How Jones got ashore and got home, be-draggled as he was, he has never told. But he is jealous of the bulky tinted envelopes that Robinson receives from out of town.

Real Roadside Flowers.



"Why is dese farmers down dis way like de blind beggar on de corner of Steenth street an' Eighth avenue?" asked Frayed Fredericks.

"O' course," said Limping Lambert, "dey ain't nobody goin' to guess dat we guv it up, why is it?"

"Because dey is always got a hand-out," said Fredericks confidently.

"Cert," said Alfry Hiweights, the English tramp, "an why is de hobo like a watch in a repair shop?"

"Dat's easy," said Jimmy Haybarn, "bekase dey run too fast when de dog is loose."

"Xouse is too smart," said Alfry, "but say, fellers, where is de place in de road dat makes you think of mince pie?"

"Yum, yum, where de road forks," said Fredericks.

"An where does de road make you think of money?"

"Where it runs agin de bank, o' course," said Lambert, with a smile.

"You fellers is workin' your brains too hard," said General Walker, chief of the gang. "Fust you know they'll have you fellers editin' the puzzle corner of de Ute's Companion." And they turned over and went to sleep.



"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley to Mr. McKenna last night, "what did the Orangery do to-day?"

"They had a procession," said Mr. McKenna.

"Was it much, I dinna?"

"Not much."

"That's good," said Mr. Dooley. "That's good. They don't seem to be gettin' any stronger, praise be. Divvie a straw do I care fr them. They niver harmed hair nor head iv me, an' they ain't likely to, ayther, so long as the road keeps th' way it is. Faith, 'twould be a fine pot iv porridge th' likes iv thim'd at if they come up into Bridgeport. I'm an ol' man, Jawn—though not so dam old at that—but I'd give tin years iv me life i'r to see an Orange procession wist on Archey-r-road, with th' right flank ristin' on Halsted street. It'd rist there. Th' Lord knows it wud."

"Jawn, I have no dislike to th' Orangerys. Nawthin' again thim. I'd not raise me hand to thim, I wud not, though me cousin Tim was kilt be wan iv thim dhroppin' a bolt on his skull in th' shippa-ards in Bifast. 'Twas lucky i'r that there Orangery he spoke first. Me cousin Tim had a ship axe in his hand that'd've stood

off at laste wan iv th' poor pikemin that Sarsfield had along with him. But I've nawthin' again thim at that, but the wan that croaked Tim. I'd like to meet that la-ad in some quiet place like th' picnic at Ogden's Grove on th' fifteenth iv July—some place where we'd have fair play."

"Jawn, live and let live is me motto. On'y I say this here, that 'tis a black disgrace to Chicago fr to let th' likes iv thim thrapple about the streets with their cheap ol' flags an' their ribbons. Oh dear, oh dear, if Patrick's day'd on'y come some year on th' twelfth iv July! Where'd they be? Where'd they be?"

"Dye know things is gawn to th' dogs in this town, Jawn avick! Sure they are. Faith, I mind th' time well whin an Orangery'd as lave go through hell in a celloid suit as ma-arch in this here town on th' twelfth iv July. I raymimber wanet they was a man be th' name iv Morgan Dimpsey—a first cousin iv thim Dimpseys that lives in Cologne street—an' he was a Roscommon man, too, an wan iv th' cutest divvies that iver breathed th' breath iv life."

"Well, whin th' day come i'r the Orangerys to cillybrate th' time whin King William—may th' divvie hold him—got a stand-off—an' 'twas no better, Jawn, fr th' Irish'd've skinned him alive if th' poor old gaby iv an English king hadn't duck'd—What's that? Don't I know it! I have a book at home written be an impartial historyan, Patrick Clancy O'Bryon, to prove it. What was I sayin'?"

"Whin th' twelfth iv July come around an' th' Orangerys got ready to cillybrate th' day King William, with all his Gatlin guns an' cannon, just barely stood off Sarsfield an' his min that had on'y pikes an' bricabats an' billiard cues, the good people was infuriated. I dinna know who was th' Whole Thing in thim days. He was niver illicked again. But annyhow he give it out that th' Orangery's procession must not be hurted. An' all th' newspapers asked th' good people to be quiet an' it was announced at high mass an' low mass that annywan that struck a blow'd be excommunicated."

"Well, ye know how it is whin moderation is counseled, Jawn. Moderation is another name fr murderation. So they put two platoons iv polismin in front iv th' Orangerys an' three behind, an' a double column alongside an' away they went."

"No wan interferred with thim an' that didn't plaze Morgan Dimpsey, who'd served his time as a caulker in th' ship ya-ards, an' beln' iv an infanjerous disposition he made up his mind i'r to do something to show that patriot-ism wasn't dead in this country. So he got up in a hallway in Washinton street an' waited. Th' procession come with th' polismin in front an' behind an' along the sides, an' th' German band thryin' to keep wan eye on th' housepots on both sides iv th' street an' to read th' music iv Lillibullero, an' Croppies Lie Down an' Boyne Wather with th' other. Th' Orangerys didn't look up. They kep' their eyes pointed straight ahead. I'll say that fr thim. They're murderin' willymans, but they're Irish, iv a sort."

"Whin they come by Dimpsey he pokes his head out iv th' dure an' says he: 'T'ell with all th' provostment bishops.' Now that same over in Derry'd have all th' things in town flyin', but the Orangerys'd been warned not to fight an' they wint straight on, on'y they sung Lillibullero. Did ye niver hear Lillibullero? It goes:

"Ho, brother Telgus, dost hear th' decree
That we shall have a new deputy?
Lillibullero, bulle a la,
Lero, lero, lillibullero.

"There was an ol' prophecy found in a bog,
Lillibullero, bulle a la,
That Ireland should be ruled be an aas an' a dog,
Lillibullero, bulle a la.

"An' now this same prophecy has come to pass,
Lillibullero, bulle a la,
For Talbot's th' dog an' James is th' aas,
Lillibullero, bulle a la.

"Th' Lord save me, fr singin' it, Jawn. See if there's anywan near th' dure."

"Well, whin they'd got through Dimpsey puts his hands to his mouth an' yells, 'Th' tell with King William!' That was more thim th' Orangerys'd stand. They halted as wan man an' roared out, 'Th' tell with th' Pope.' 'What's that?' says th' captain iv th' polismin—he was a man be th' name iv Murphy an' he was blue with rage fr havin' to lade th' Orangerys. 'What's that?' he says. 'Th' tell with th' Pope, ye meal-headed bog-throtter,' says the main guy iv th' Orangerys. Murphy pulled him fr'm his horse

an' they wint at it, club an' club. Be that time th' whole iv th' line was engaged. Ivy copper billeted an Orangery an' a sergeant named Donahue wint through a whole lodge armed on'y, Jawn, with a clarinet an' wan cymbal. He did so. An' Morgan Dimpsey, th' cute divvie, he shud by an' encouraged both sides, fr nex't to an Orangery he'd like to see a polisman kilt. That indeed wan Orangery's pride."

"Not that I think 'twas right. I suppose they ought to be left walk about an' I'm a fair man. If th' blackest iv thim wint by now I'd not raise me hand—"

"Hello," said Mr. McKenna, "here goes Killen, the Armagh man. They say he digs with his left foot."

"Jawn," said Mr. Dooley eagerly, "if ye run up on th' roof ye'll find th' bricks loose in th' top row iv th' chimney. Ye might hand him a few."

Horter's Flower Beds.

Pearson's Weekly.

A man named Horter lived up in Derbyshire a few years ago, but as his health was bad he was ordered to spend a year or two at the seaside. He was born in the Midlands, and had never seen an oyster in its shell.

He bought a cottage down at Blackpool and went there to live early this spring. A few days after his arrival he saw a man going by with a cart-load of oysters, which Horter mistook for stones.

Stones are mighty scarce at sandy Blackpool, and as Horter wanted some to make borders for his flower beds, he asked the man what he would take for the load. It struck Horter that the price was high, but he bought the lot and had them thrown down by his gate.

The next day he stuck eight hundred of them in the sand in his garden, around the beds, and when the job was done he thought it looked uncommonly handsome.

A week afterward there were three or four warm days and Horter remarked that the sea breeze smelled very strongly, and he told Mrs. Horter that he thought there must be a dead whale lying somewhere down on the beach. The next day the smell became more offensive and Mrs. Horter said that it was an outrage that the authorities didn't clean up the streets and remove the garbage that poisoned the air.

On the following day the weather was extremely hot, and the smell became perfectly terrific. Mr. Horter said there must be a dead rat somewhere in the weather-boarding, and he got the carpenter to come and remove some of it. But he found nothing, and upon going away he remarked to Horter that that cheese in the cupboard was the deadliest cheese for smell that he ever encountered.

The stench grew stronger all that night, and the next morning a committee of neighbors waited upon Mr. Horter to say that if he would drown that dead dog he would confer a personal favor upon them and upon the people of the country generally, for they could smell him twelve miles away.

Then Horter told them how perplexed he was about the matter, and said he would only be too glad to have the cause of the trouble detected. So the committee made a tour of inspection, holding their noses.

When they got into the garden they perceived the oysters all gaping wide open and evolving an awful smell, absolutely in fumes. One of the committeemen, grasping the fact that Horter had planted these oysters, imagined that he was crazy, and suddenly climbed over the paling and went home. The others remained and asked Horter what on earth he meant by laying those oysters in the sun in that manner.

"Oysters!" said Horter. "Oysters! You don't mean to say those are oysters! Gracious! Well, well! That beats all! I was wondering what made all those stones split even down the middle. I couldn't account for it. And so those are oysters. Why, I thought oysters always came in tins!"

That afternoon he buried the shell fish deep in the sand, and the smell ceased. Then he sold his cottage and moved to Brixton. He told Brown, his next-door neighbor, that he knew they were oysters all the time, and he did it for a joke, but he moved because the people seemed so touchy over the matter.

Keep Cool.

Washington Post.

Colonel William R. Morrison has spent a great part of his career in hotels, and one of his theories has been that the mind can be so trained that a hotel fire ought not to distract the reasoning faculties when presence of mind is needed. He and his wife were aroused from their slumbers one night by an alarm. The hotel in which they had their rooms was adre, and there was great confusion and tumult among the guests.

"Now, my dear," said the Colonel, "don't get excited. Put on all your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me."

He calmed Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his vest pocket, put on his hat and walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the burning building into the street.

"Now, my dear," he said, when they were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing it is to keep cool and act with a deliberate purpose in an emergency like this? Here you are dressed and over yonder are several ladies in complete dishabille."

Just then Mrs. Morrison for the first time glanced at her husband.

"You are right, William," she said, "it is a grand thing to keep cool and act deliberately, but if I had been you, I would have stayed in the room long enough to put on my trousers!"

A Rapid Speaker.

The most rapid orator in the world, and the torment of the swiftest shorthand writers, is the Italian deputy and ex-minister, Bernardino Grimaldi. The tongue of this eloquent politician possesses the capacity of gurgling forth a torrent of one hundred and eighty to two hundred words in the minute. The last subject of his parliamentary oratory was the Italian railway legislation, upon which he has delivered forty-three long speeches, to the mingled admiration and horror of his audience. "What a mercy," exclaimed one, "that Grimaldi was not born a girl!" "Yes," replied the other, "fancy such a speaker growing up to be somebody's mother-in-law!"

On The Beach.



Mrs. Oldstyle—Just look at those very stylish bathin' gaults! Did you ever see anything like them?
Mrs. Newcomer—No. I can understand now what's meant by the height of fashion.

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Short Stories Retold.

Of Bishop Bathurst, who was a great whist player, it is related that on hearing the name of a new appointment in the chapter there was wrung from him the passionate exclamation, "I have served the Whigs all my life, and now they send me down a canon who doesn't know clubs from spades!"

Ferrari, the celebrated composer, relates the following anecdote in his Memoirs. On a cold December night a man in a little village in the Tyrol opened the window and stood in front of it, with hardly any clothing to his back. "Peter!" shouted a neighbor, who was passing, "what are you doing there?" "I am catching a cold." "What for?" "So that I can sing bass to-morrow at church."

An old lady, far advanced in years, was walking one day through a churchyard, when she stopped before three mounds that formed, as it were, three sides of a square. The graves were those of the late doctor and parson of the parish and of an old East Indian, noted whist-players in their day. "There they are," she remarked placidly, after a pause; "the auld rubber, just waiting for me to cut in."

This story is told of Mr. Villiers, the "Father" of the British House of Commons. There was a rumor that he was seriously ill, and a representative was sent by the authorities of a London newspaper to ascertain the facts. He saw Mr. Villiers' housekeeper, who protested that the report was utterly unfounded; but, wishing to be on the safe side, the reporter suavely asked for the name of his medical adviser. "He hasn't one," was the reply. "That's the reason he's lived so long."

Of Tennyson, Mr. Smalley has quite a sheaf of stories, all illustrative of his personality. Here is one: When occasion offered he took an odd revenge on those who presumed to judge him. A writer of the critical kind once assured him that he could always tell what lines wrote themselves from pure inspiration, and what others had been labored. In response to Tennyson's invitation he quoted a famous verse as an instance of poetic spontaneity. "Ah, yes," drawled the poet, "I smoked a dozen pipes over that line."

Mme. de Longueville, a beauty of Louis the Fourteenth's time, was tired to death of being in Normandy, where her husband was. Those who were about her said: "Mon dieu, madame, you are eaten up with ennui; will you not take some amusement? There are dogs and a beautiful forest. Will you hunt?" "N," she replied; "I don't like hunting." "Will you work?" "N; I don't like work." "Will you take a walk or play at some game?" "N; I like neither the one nor the other." "What will you do, then?" they asked. "What can I do?" she replied; "I hate innocent pleasures."

A well known artist, who spends several months of the year in Venice, tells how, the morning after his first arrival in the "water-logged" city, he hired a gondola in order to see the sights. Having passed under the Bridge of Sighs and reached the spot rendered memorable by the mournful history of Marino Faliero, the gondolier took out his watch and politely said: "We rest for ten minutes here." With that he lighted his pipe. "What are you waiting for?" asked his fare. "Sir," replied the gondolier, "it is the usual time allowed for emotion, for poetic feeling." And they waited till the ten minutes were up.

A few years ago a prominent oil producer of Pittsburg was putting down a well in a territory that had never been tested for oil. He was keeping the fact a profound secret, in order that, in case he got a well, he might without difficulty secure all the leases he desired in the vicinity. He was on the ground himself, watching with great interest the indications. Everything pointed to success. Two days before the well was expected to "come in," he was called home. Anxious about the result, he arranged with his contractor to telegraph him as soon as the drill reached the sand. He knew, however, that secrets will sometimes leak out of a telegraph office, and so he told the driller that the sentence, "Pine trees grow tall," would mean that he had struck oil. The driller professed to do as he was ordered. The mingled satisfaction and vexation of the producer may be imagined when, two days later, he received the

following telegram: "Pine trees grow tall. She's squirting clean over the derrick." His hope that he should have no competitors for leases was disappointed.

Between You and Me.

So long as the women of to-day confine themselves to speechifying, getting up regulations and abusing the men, it is time ill spent to waste a moment's thought upon their self-assertion, but little side winds sometimes blow and their whispers have the truth in them. For instance, there is a case in the Western courts of a delicate nature, one of the sins of man against woman, and a jury of women with a woman judge are to handle it. I am much interested to see how the verdict will go and what the sentence will be. A very amusing case was recently "given away" in the New York Supreme Court, in which case women were unintentionally assertive. An importation of some foreign condiment was taxed as "sauce," and the importers protested in the courts that it wasn't sauce. The Supreme Court decided to agree with the Custom House; but the justice, happening to mention the matter at his dinner table, was promptly informed by the lady at the head of it that the article taxed was not sauce at all. Discussion led to consultation, and each member interested agreed to refer the matter to the lady ruler of his universe, with the result that a decisive chant of "not sauce" was rendered in unison. The judgment was not yet signed, the decision of the court was reversed and the importer has to thank the power behind the bench for a considerable saving.

The other night, after a dinner, a very sweet little singer sang many songs for us, among others the Rinsy Day. That is the most abominable song I know, and always makes me cross with him who wrote and composed and her who sings it. But how exasperating it was the other night, when one had ridden through the dim country with the stunted grass and the barren vines, and seen the earth gaping with parched prayers for moisture in every fissure on every arid stretch of sand. That song, of all songs, seemed so idiotically insistent and mal-apropos. By the way, there is a curious coincidence over on the other side about the rain and the drought. When the Seventh, the kid glove regiment of the proud city of New York, goes under canvas for their summer camp, no matter how long the heavens have withheld moisture, they immediately furnish a downpour. It never fails, nor has it failed this month. The deluge was on time.

Somebody sent me to-day a copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's talks to young women and young men, that book which is known as Virgilibus Puerisque. I have had a delightful hour with it, and feel like a naughty child who laughs at the mischief-doing of his chum. There is plenty in it to be serious about, but there is the most taking and piquantly original spice of daring mischief in it. I am really in a hurry to get back to the quiet home, with flower-breath and vine-whispers welcoming me, and have another interesting hour with this new paper friend. He calls a man meritorious who in his honest, fearless voice dares to say that Shakespeare makes him tired. What a blessing that sentence was to me, who have sneaked through life being made tired by Shakespeare and never daring to so much as confess it to myself. And he says loads of other comfortable don't-care-it-I-do things that filled my unruly Irish against the Government soul with glee. I have sent him my love and blessing to the far star he now inhabits, and I shall always like better than ever the man whose frail tenement of clay now moulders on the high Simon hill-side, and whose freed spirit has proved, I am certain, many of the beautiful things he taught and believed while here.

We have not much to absorb us this summer. There is no great war, no appalling distress, no extra interesting political muddle, and lo! we discuss bloomers! I wonder how ever such an absurd discussion? As a daily sagely remark, "Women will wear what they please." Of course they will, as they always do; dresses that spread over the whole pavement, or beauly draggle-tailed trains that sweep up the various awfulnesses deposited by men upon the sidewalk, or they will tie themselves in like mummies, or let their hair hang in curls, or pile it up in fearful wads of pads and hairpins, and cut their bodies perilously low, and sit on the beach in daring short skirts and a red parasol. And if they want to they will wear bloomers or knee breeches, or divided skirts, but thank the stars! they don't want to, though men are going a good way to make them think they do.

Women who wear bifurcated garments, like women who shriek for their Rights, do harm in a way none of us should. There is a man whose rough, coarse and positive nature needs very considerate and wise handling by woman-kind. When such a man meets one of those violently contemptuous Woman's Rightsers who crack their voices in harangues and knock their bonnets on one side with energetic struggles for the suffrage, he is made harder, more rough, sometimes to brutality; all the strong lower nature is on the qui vive and by look and jeer and laugh he shows it. He has been hurt and injured by woman-kind, whose gentle, comprehending, sympathetic affection he stood so sorely in need of, for the bitterness of what is good in him. In a lesser manner, some prejudice or belief, or whatever it may be, sees special sanctity in a skirt; whether sensible or not, the less advanced man has his beliefs and thinks a lot of them. One of them is that modesty and skirts go together in a feminine make-up. Naturally this man looks upon bloomers as an offence, and expresses his opinion to that effect. It's no use for other men to laugh at a belief or an ideal. They are generally ours to keep. I have had letters from and interviews with several men, whose earnest requests that I should never ride in bloomers have made me feel like laughing and telling them to mind their own business, which is not in the remotest degree connected with me or my clothes. I suppose if I wanted to wear the



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garments of the Easterners, I should wear them, but I don't. There is another type of man whose heart is broken by the New Woman. The man of ideals, to whom women are quite superior creatures to be cherished and looked up to and handled with care. The man whose mother is his perfect woman, whose sisters cannot slip into hoydenism nor have their names mentioned lightly without every fibre of his being tingling. The man who is often voted a crank by unthinking folk who don't appreciate his refined and hypercritical nature; what do you suppose is the shock to him when he sees a shapely figure defined for the public stare, as the thoughtless girl or careless woman swings her leg over her diamond frame and wheels indifferently through crowded streets? I have watched such a man under a discipline of strong-minded women, and seen his finer nature crushed and his spirit broken by sheer noise and force. Scarcely anyone noticed him, for he was a quiet sacrifice, but I think the people who protest, and have a right to, against the goings-on of many female persons of this present day, are largely members of these two classes of men, of all various types, the two who need womanly women most.

The hotel piazza has a perfectly lovely story. Miladi requests her husband to fetch her a fan from her apartment. He goes, and takes a long time over getting back. The belle of the piazza comes in and concedes with Miladi. Men are so stupid. Just then hubby comes loitering back with a fan, which he presents to Miladi and walks off with the belle. In another moment Miladi is after them with thunder in her voice. "I think," says she with flashing eyes, "that I should rather have my own fan! Mr. —," and hands the belle of the piazza the one she holds. Nothing can disconcert that young person, however, who drawls, "Oh, would you? But you're quite welcome to mine!" Explosion. And they say, you know—well, really there's some excuse for talk, according to the hotel piazza! LADY GAY.

Bathing Suits and Traveling Dresses.

MOHAIK of medium quality is the favorite fabric for bathing suits. It is liked for its wriness, which prevents it clinging to the figure, for its smooth surface, from which the water runs off, and also because it is lighter when wet than any other material. The fine qualities with heavy weaving are not required, yet it is well to choose something better than the thin, coarse mohairs used for facings. Black, navy blue and white are the colors preferred by swimmers, and there are probably nine black suits out of every ten sold. Repellent serge is the next choice of fabrics, which is somewhat wiry, and is said to repel the water in a measure, instead of allowing it all to penetrate the stuff. Red serge suits are most favored, then sailor blue, and white. They are usually trimmed with white braid or bands of white wool stitched on in rows, and also great sailor collars of white. There is little change in the way of making these suits. Skirts grow shorter, but fastidious women prefer that they fall half-way below the knees. Sleeves reach only to the elbow, or are still shorter, and are in the exaggerated balloon puff worn on all gowns. The best models have the waist and knickerbockers in one, their fullness pleated in under the belt to make them shapely, and the skirt buttoned on around the belt.

The most popular mohair suits are those very simply made and without showing fanciful trimmings, being simply banded and bordered with white mohair or with white braid. The waist has a deep yoke, rounded or pointed, to which much fullness is gathered or pleated. This fullness tapers slightly at the belt-line and is pleated there, and extends below in wide knickerbockers that are banded just below the

knee, where they are fastened by buttons. There is no lining in this garment unless the wearer prefers a cambric lining in the yoke. The throat is usually opened low, and is completed by a turned-over collar, not very large, square across the back in sailor fashion, and trimmed with one row of wide white wool braid or else two or three narrower ones. Short puffed sleeves for swimmers, or deeper elbow puffs, are completed by a trimmed band. The straight skirt about two yards and a half wide falls just below the knickerbockers or else halfway to the ankles. It has rows of braid above a hem. Other suits of repellent serge in dark blue or cherry red are similarly made, but have a large sailor collar and belt of white cashmere. The skirt has a broad white band above the hem, and a white belt by which it is buttoned to the waist. The much used brown Holland linen is seen as a sailor collar, belt, cuffs, and skirt border on suits made to order for girls who have some originality. The linen collar has a deep hem that is hem-stitched, or else has narrow white beading above the hem, or it may be a line of brier-stitching in blue, red, or white cotton just above it. White linen collarettes neatly hem-stitched and cut in square tabs are on blue mohair suits sent to Newport. The suits introduced last year, with long Jersey tights and stockings in one piece, are shown again in serges and other woollens.

There is no especial gown required as a traveling dress by those who go in comfortable drawing-room cars or on palatial boats. Here anything will serve from very nice woollens to foulards or dark shot silks. But in the plain cars are plainer dresses of Scotch tweed or serge, and, above all, of mohair. There are handsome mohair suits that may be worn anywhere, with a jacket and skirt with lapped stitched seams, of black or navy blue mohair of heavy weave worn over an ecru linen blouse-waist. A silk lining shot in pretty colors is in both jacket and skirt, and the ecru batiste is trimmed with open embroidery done on the fabric, and perhaps some narrow yellow Valenciennes edging. A round hat of black fancy straw is trimmed with shaded taffeta ribbon, or one of yellow straw with black or blue satin ribbon, and the large enveloping veil is a chiffon or grenadine scarf a yard long, either gray or black, as one may fancy. The gloves are tan glazed kid, and low shoes are either tan or black with the stockings to match.

For young women who protest against black or blue dresses, are those of tan or dark gray mohair. Objections are also made by many to the long-worn jackets, and these have instead round waists fitted to the figure, with large sleeves and well cut godetted skirt. Or else there is a belted waist made of mohair, laid in two box-pleats in front and one of greater width in the back, the top cut down half-way and round to show a pretty chemisette of ecru batiste neatly tucked and trimmed with a scalloped embroidered edging. Small gilt buttons, smooth and without lustre, are placed in two rows on the front of the waist, and are used to close up the wrists with the help of loops of silk. Beside these are also many brown tweed gowns and others of mixed colors, such as green, white and black, or else blue with gray, brown, and some red or orange threads. Dull silk or velvet of the prevailing color is seen in the slashed front of the waists of such dresses, in the narrow belts, wristbands and stock-collars. For economists are ready-made skirts of serge, mohair or covert coating that may be bought alone to wear with shirt-waists and with any dark cape one may happen to have. If made at home and without lining, the home dressmaker will have a delightfully cool summer skirt at small expense. Unders are less worn than they formerly were, because no matter how large their sleeves may be, there is always a struggle in getting them off and on, and if only a shirt-waist is worn beneath, the sleeves of the waist are flattened hopelessly. The preference is

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Take—Say, Sloper, what's yer goin' ter do wid dat keg o' powder? Sloper—I'm goin' ter blow myself from dis porous plaster.

given to enormous round cloaks of glass silk or of cloth of very light quality, usually twilled, and most often of tan color. They are cut in circular shape and attached to a very shallow yoke, and are so long that they cover the dress beneath. A plaid *ruche* of silk is around the neck and down each side of the front. In some such cloaks are long alits for armholes, which are also edged with a *ruche*. The fullness of the back is folded in a large double box-pleat to give the Watteau effect. LA MODE.

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One of the finest private collections of pictures in Toronto is that which Mrs. Alexander Cameron has brought together while abroad. The most important canvases are hung in the art gallery of her house, where the deep terraces of the walls as background and the light from above, both day and night give every advantage in setting and lighting and add greatly to the enjoyment, while the artistic furnishings rob the room of the barren look so often felt in a picture gallery. To those who enjoy a story in a picture—and their name is legion, in spite of all that has been said and written—The Soldier's Return, by Franz Deegreger, will appeal strongly. The eldest son has returned, bronzed and uniformed, and while telling his tale of war takes a little brother on his knee; the mother, Martha-like, is preparing a meal, while the father is so intent on listening that he forgets the pipe he has partly raised to his lips; a young girl leans on her father's chair; two still younger with the old grandmother give rapt attention. The color is dark and rich, the arrangement well balanced, and the interest is caught and carried on to the main figures by this, but still more by the expression on the faces. A copy of a Madonna and Child of Raphael's, a Mater Dolorosa, a copy of one of Titian's beauties, with the glowing flesh in which he excelled as a portraitist, are examples of the old masters. A work by Rosa Bonheur will always be interesting and valuable from the fact that she was almost a pioneer in her special line, even if she has been equaled or excelled there. The drawing and action in her Foxes is admirable, the old one with the dead hare in his clutches and the three young ones. A night scene in a Dutch town, the long curving line of houses by the water shown in vanishing perspective, by Achenbach, has fine color and much feeling; the contrast between the moonlight on the houses from behind and the light from the lanterns over the doors is good. A delightful little landscape with a group of horses splendidly drawn is worthy of Ludwig Hartman. Not as pleasing in subject but with exquisite finish, is a small canvas by G. Holweg, a man eyeing his glass thoughtfully before drinking. The beautiful face of a dark-haired girl in profile is by Kaulbach. A charming Dutch interior is by Benedict; it shows the figure of a little girl sewing, with work-basket on the chair beside her, all the homely details of the family living-room, from which is to be seen through the open doorway, the fowls are pecking on the threshold, a sunny bit of landscape with a glimpse of tree and spire. Similar in its attention to detail but of the French school is MacEwen's picture of an old man and a girl at table. A group of figures, which tell their own story, is by Weiz. In the center over the heavily carved stone fireplace is a bronze-haired beauty from the brush of Wauters, bewitching enough to play Galatea to her author; the gray flesh tints and the modeling on the shoulder are very fine. Voltz and Van Marcke are each represented by a characteristic landscape of somewhat similar subjects though differing in treatment; in that by the latter the cows standing in the cool water of the wide stream are well handled. B. W. Leader's peaceful English landscape, with its tall trees, winding stream, is very pleasing. A man's face with bushy hair and dark eyes looks out in a startling way from a canvas by Canon. Of all modern painters none excel, few equal, Gabriel Max in interpreting deep and tender phases of passion and pain. His St. Cecilia here is something to be long remembered; a kneeling figure with upturned face and flowing black hair, fingerling the primitive instrument which bears some relation to the organ. In the dark background to the right and far in the canvas, may be seen two figures, one the jailor standing at the door, the other prostrate on the stone floor, and both under the spell of her music; to the left is a flood of light into which she gazes with an expression so rapt and entranced that one longs to know what she sees and hears. To mention Bougereau's Mussel Gatherer is to call up in the mind a style that varies little, that is "faultily faultless." Here the young girl, with her face towards you, pauses as she steps over the stones with her basket containing the fruit of her toil; behind are the beach and stretch of water. The figure is not far from life-size. To close, we mention two examples of our own artists: A child's head with back to the light and a halo of reddish hair, by Miss Harriet Ford, and a portrait of a member of the family, by Mr. Wylly Grier—each worthy the artist and holding its own in this "goodie company."

Mrs. D'guam and several ladies of the Wcman's Art Association left a few days ago for a week's sketching at and about Niagara Falls. The Critic characterized a recent publication, Society Pictures by George du Maurier, as "a limp, oblong, paper-covered, badly printed collection of caricatures," from which we infer that the Critic does not greatly admire this attempt to conjure checkles from the pockets of admirers of the author of Trilby.

Baltimore is to have a school of sculpture. About twenty years ago William Henry Rhinehart, the sculptor, left a legacy to the Peabody Institute of that city, which now amounts to about \$100,000. With this fund the trustees of the institute propose to found the school in connection with the institute.

Three noted German painters celebrate this year their eightieth birthday—Julius Schrader, the historical painter, on June 16; Andreas Achenbach, the landscapist and marine painter, one of whose paintings is described above, on September 29, and Adolf Menzel on December 8.

Editor—Somehow or other I don't see the sense of this thing. Po t—My dear sir, that's not sense; that's poetry.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ARNOLD.—Thanks for good wishes. Your writing shows care and taste, with very attractive traits of sympathy and affection, also easy-going temper and some sense of humor. You should be an easy person to live with, having an optimistic temperament and much kindness, wit and good sense.

CALAMAGORIST.—This study shows persistent and connected thought, with lack of lack and force. It does not strike me as the writing of a person very much spoiled by artificiality. It has even signs of immaturity, is practical rather than imaginative, and shows at the same time susceptibility and capacity for fiction. Writer would appreciate devotion and be happy in a good home. No marked originality is shown.

JOSEPHINE.—L. Trilby has been published in cheap form. Write to or call for same at James Bain's. 2. Your writing indicates much ambition and a good stock of enterprise, but not enough concentration. Draw in some of your feelings and save useless effort. You are amiable in temper, firm and constant in purpose, hopeful and sympathetic. Taste is not thoroughly cultured but is worth doing a good deal for. You are chatty, but discreet and should be a favorite in social circles. My dear girl, curtail your loops; they are distressingly long.

SAMUEL.—I was just discussing your favorite author with Domestio Win. By the way, could you tell me if there was a sequel to Monte Cristo? D. W. wants to know. If Dumais is your favorite, you would surely be able to tell me that. 2. Your writing is very erratic and impulsive, ambitious, varying in temperament and alternately hopeful and despondent. You would like to stand high in every way, but have too volatile and impatient a disposition to plod after success. A little of temper and a generous trail are shown. You are admirably cautious and well able to take care of your own interests.

NORWOOD.—This study is the most interesting of the three, being the most original and individual. A good deal of practical power, great force of purpose, brightness and strong social instincts are shown. All three studies breathe healthy and congenial environment and an upward and hopeful tendency. I am very sorry I cannot agree with you in wishing the future to be as the past. The idea is very stagnant, don't you think? I should never be satisfied without wishing for some improvement. You are a disaffected, impulsive and sometimes erratic in thought, but on the whole inclined to orthodoxy and averse to change.

ALANUS II.—Indeed, you have lots of character in your straw, as you call it. It is one of the most quaint things I've seen for some time. Your heart is warm, your convictions profound, your nervous system rather on the quiet side. You are hasty, impatient and not apt to stop to look whether your notion of anyone is borne out by facts. You believe, *c'est tout*. You have originality, energy and courage. A nature capable of great things in the way of work, but lacks repose and poise. Why don't you keep still a minute and study some fair and beautiful work of art, or let music soothe your corners, as is might? You need sugar in your veins.

LYLY FIRD.—I was not at the Massey Mule Hall on New Year's morning, but I am sure I should have enjoyed it. You ask me to point out the difference in the studies enclosed. Well, if I give you a delineation of each you can pick out the difference yourself. Your own should belong to a bland and graceful person, with a good deal of manner, a pleasant but not weak will and tendency to be over-considerate of others. You are good-natured, somewhat enterprising and have considerable humor, love of beauty and get much happiness from friendly intercourse with others. You are loving, somewhat imaginative and liable to be moved by emotion. A very lovable person. There is a serious streak of self-will and much adaptability to circumstances.

DEMYSTRIA.—I My dear lady, I am in search of a memory to prove my own. If you find one, be sure and let me know of it. The very best way to remember is to think over your subject, look at it in various aspects and make a few notes on what strikes you most forcibly. Don't bother much over it. We never forget, only lose sight of things. The studying you do now, so seemingly without much present benefit, is perhaps fitting you for good work in some life to come. 2. Your writing shows sensitiveness, refinement, hope, a sympathetic and receptive nature, with enough will power to be healthy, and some adaptability. You have some liking for the opposite sex, and a decidedly bright and attractive personality; good sequence of ideas and much facility are indicated.

PRO TOR.—If you heard a fishmonger who passes my door every morning you would say his voice must have decided his vocation. Then again, if you heard another person in the same line of business you would exclaim that nature never built him to cry, "Fresh fish," in his cracked and doleful quill; so you see, one can't risk any theory as you suggest. 2. Your writing is unusually forceful, independent and manly; it is decidedly good-natured, brightly perceptive and indicates thought and observation; you like conversation and are sociably inclined, have strong affections and good sense of humor. Should be a business rather than a literary man, at all events have good system and very well developed order. Energy, facility, youth and strength are very plainly shown. As you are strong, be gentle.

DOMESTIC WIL.—Goodness, what a lot of queries! No matter what you write with, your character is there, and it will stare me in the face. 2. I have not read Monte Cristo, though I have it in the house. 3. Generally speaking, French works are not reading for young and inexperienced girls. 4. Try The Three Musketeers. You will like them. I think, and they won't do you a bit of harm. Do not read Camille, for many good reasons. 5. I can't say I swear by the Ladies Home Journal, but then I don't generally care for papers of that sort. 6. John Kendrick Barge thinks he knows a good deal about more things than women, my child, and I agree with him. 7. I don't think women are particularly prying; poor souls, they are generally candid enough, especially lately. 8. Your writing shows independence of thought; light, firm will; bright, adaptable and somewhat impatient nature; caution and idealism are shown, with push and energy, but some lack of sympathy. I think you are somewhat exalted and critical.

JACOB.—Your writing shows the official family and keen observation which mark the handwriting of some of the world's deepest thinkers. I hope you won't mind if I tell you it is very like a specimen I have by me of Darwin's. Your writing confesses you an idealist, and of a most refined and cultured type. Your aim and thoughts are firm, decided and honest, your reasoning neither narrow nor prosy. Concentration is excellent, mental power keen, and manner rather vivacious. The signs of caution and mistrust are wanting; you are apt to believe people mean well, and have rather a cheerful temperament, firm convictions and excellent order. You admire perfect and finished work, and would never be happy in disorderly and unsmooth surroundings. You have considerable respect for authority and should be well fitted to command, or be at the head of affairs generally. I think you are a wee bit proud, perhaps of family eminence. This is a study I should like to devote more time to, but I cannot spare it this week.

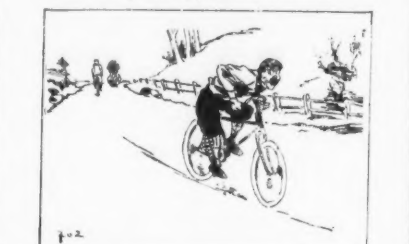
Horse-Box for One. Liverpool Mercury. A well known and popular Irish owner of race-horses once occasioned a rather ludicrous incident. Some few days prior to the Grand National he wired to the captain of one of the boats plying between Dublin and Liverpool thus: "Keep a berth for Lady Tempest." The captain, upon receipt of the telegram,

got into a state of consternation, all the berths having been previously engaged. With true gallantry, however, that officer gave up his own cabin, which he ordered to be put into the best possible condition for her ladyship. The gallant captain's surprise and disgust can be better imagined than described when Lady Tempest (the celebrated steeplechaser) arrived!

She Had Him. New Orleans Times-Democrat. Mrs. Newed—How are the biscuits, George? Newed—A trifle heavy, dearest. Mrs. N.—And the soup? N.—Too much seasoning in it. Mrs. N.—And the duck? N.—Done a little too much. Mrs. N.—I'm so sorry, dear, that your dinner does not suit you. Your mother prepared it.



While Dickie stopped beside the road To take a needed rest, He saw his rival pass with May And said, "Well, I'll be blessed."



Up from the ground he quickly jumped And on his metal steed He pedaled fast to pass the two And soon was in the lead.



Now Dickie is an artful lad, For a scheme he never lacks: He pauses at a country store And buys a box of tacks.



Back down the road the box of tacks He scatters far and wide, But only puts them in the track His rival's sure to ride.



He has not long to wait to see His rival and the maid, His rival punctures both his tires And thereat is dismayed.



The scheme panned out as he desired, And Dickie won the day. He left his rival to walk home And rode away with May.

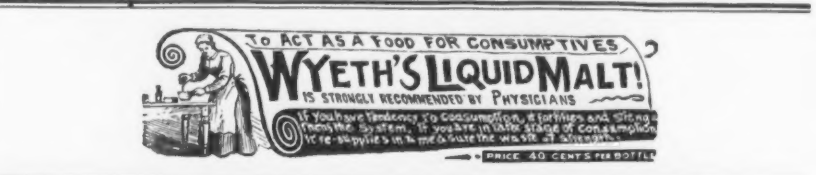
And They Were Engaged. Judge. "I do not ask much," he pleaded. "Please consider my request in a serious light." "What were you about to ask?" she said in a respectful way. "If you cannot marry me please be a summer girl to me."

Not at All Alike. House hold Words. Lady—I see you advertise home-made bread? Baker—Yes, ma'am. Lady—Does it taste like home-made? Baker—No, indeed, ma'am. It's sweet and light.

It Didn't Matter. Young Lady (out yachting)—What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck? Captain—The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder. Young Lady—I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it.

JOHN LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT THE FINEST OF BEVERAGES

Received HIGHEST AWARD made on this continent at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO 1893, and GOLD MEDAL at the MID-WINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1894. Surpassing all Canadian and United States competitors in every respect, and EIGHT other GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS.



At a Penny Apiece—£20,000. If you had as many pennies as their are natural holes through your skin, how many pennies should you have? You would have enough to make £20,000. Now figure up the holes for yourself. Yet you couldn't afford to sell them for a penny each, even in hard times. They are worth more money. These holes, or sweat glands, pour out quarts of sweat every day—water, mixed with salt and poisonous humors. Stop these holes, partly or entirely, and the skin's work is at once thrown on the lungs and kidneys. Then you fall ill with some disease or other. What disease depends upon the nature and location of your weak spot. A lady, whose name we are permitted to mention, will not soon forget the spring of 1890. It was then that for the first time in her life she was afraid to be left alone; not from fear of enemies, but from sheer nervous excitement. She was obliged to have elastic put into her slippers to let them out—her feet were swollen so; and her hands were in the same condition. In the morning her face would puff up and large lumps form under the eyes and on her cheeks. Then a rash made its appearance all over her body, vanishing again almost immediately, as a blush comes and goes on the face. The suddenness of this she compares to the sting of a wasp or hornet. An intense itching accompanied it, so she could not lie in bed or be quiet in any position on account of it. She was in misery night and day, and scarcely knew what to do with herself. He legs got so painful and felt so tired she was put to it to get about. For eighteen months (it must have seemed like as many years) she was tormented in this way.

Meanwhile she consulted two doctors, and attended successfully at the Newcastle Infirmary and at the Dispensary. But nothing more than temporary ease came of the treatment they gave her. The doctors recommended a change of air, and in August, 1891, she went to North Sunderland. She found relief at that place, but not from the air. Now we must get back to the spring of 1890, and inquire what, if anything, preceded this strange outbreak. At that time, the lady says, she first felt languid, tired, and constantly sleepy. She was troubled with bad headaches and attacks of giddiness. Her appetite failed; she could eat but little, and after eating had a feeling of weight and fullness at the chest and sides. Her whole system was depressed, and she life in her appeared to sink, as the water does in a cistern where their exists a hidden leak somewhere. Then came what has already been described. At North Sunderland, whither she went for a change of air, she met a gentleman named Cathart, who expressed a most intelligent opinion of her case and advised the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Convinced by his reasoning she procured a supply of this well known remedy and began taking it.

Her letter concludes in these words: "After I had used the Syrup only a few days I felt a decided improvement in all respects. My appetite revived, my food digested better, and soon the rash and lumps entirely disappeared to return no more. I have since enjoyed the best of health. You are at liberty to make my statement public if you think it may be useful to others. (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Charleston, 27 John street, Arthur's Hill, Newcastle, February 7, 1893." We congratulate this lady on her recovery and thank her for allowing us to publish the above details of her experience. The doctors called her ailment nettle rash, but it was more than that. Her blood was loaded with the poisonous acids generated by indigestion and dyspepsia—the same as the poisons of gout and of acute inflammatory rheumatism. The irritated nerves of the skin produced the rash, as the clogged pores were unable to excrete the poison. The purifying power of Seigel's Syrup expelled this poison through the kidneys and bowels, and by stimulating insensible perspiration over the whole surface of the skin. Of this disease an English physician says: "When it becomes chronic all treatment fails." Yes, all treatment except the one which cured Mrs. Charleston.

Scylla and Charybdis. Indianapolis Journal. It was in an absent minded sort of way that she read the sign, "Ice Cream." "Oh, ah! Ice cream," said he. "Did you ever read that there were deadly ptomaines in ice cream?" "Yes," she said, a little spitefully. "Did you ever read of the microbes in kissing?" On reflection he concluded to compromise on a basis of present cream and future kisses.

For once in his career the incorruptible alderman for the Stenth Ward lost his temper. "I can lick you," he roared, "with one hand tied behind me!" "You can fight better with one hand behind you," roared back the high-minded alderman from the City's Second Ward, "than you can any other way. It's your customary position, b'gosh!"

My Baby was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needed.

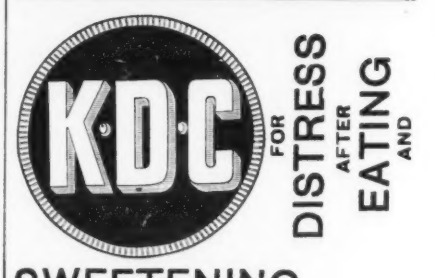
Mrs. KENYON WILLIAMS, May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga. Similar letters from other mothers are persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

TURKISH BATHS 204 King Street West - - Toronto These Baths are open all night with sleeping accommodations for each bath. Greatest cure for Rheumatism, Cold, Cough, Lumbago, Gout, Kidney and Liver Complaint and Indigestion. Chiropractic always in attendance. Phone 1286.

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Rev. A. B. JOHNSON, Westmeath, Ont.: "I have used several remedies for dyspepsia, and would say that for giving relief after meals and sweetening the stomach, I have never found anything to equal K. D. C."

ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH BAD TASTE, BELCHING, BURNING IN THROAT? TAKE K. D. C.—THE KING OF DYSPEPSIA CURES.

Music.

THE fourth annual United Choirs' Musical Festival of the Counties of Western Ontario was held in London on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The event attracted a large number of excursionists from the country surrounding London, although the number of chorists fell short of the total of last year's gathering at Sarnia. This falling off may be attributed to the higher excursion rates charged by the railways this year, and also to the close proximity of the date of the festival to the Dominion Day festivities of the week preceding. In the competition, which formed a feature of the excellent success of last year, the absence of a sufficient number of competing choruses this year deprived the gathering of much of its interest, although a very commendable degree of proficiency was shown by the choirs which ventured the test. On the first evening of the festival, the London Choral Society, under Mr. Roselle Pococke's direction, gave a performance of Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation*, in Princess Rink, before an audience of probably three thousand people. The chorus numbered two hundred and fifty vocalists, the orchestra sixty instrumentalists, and the soloists engaged were: Mrs. Martin-Murphy of Hamilton, soprano; Mr. Fred Jenkins of Cleveland, tenor; and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone, of Toronto. Although but a very short time was allowed the society in the preparation of this exacting oratorio and only one general rehearsal of the orchestra was held, the performance clearly demonstrated Mr. Pococke's ability as a conductor, the quality of his chorus and the character of his orchestral resources, most of which, by the way, is composed of young people who have been trained by him personally. The soloists were very enthusiastically received and proved by their work the wisdom which had governed such an excellent choice of artists. On the following day the competition and concluding concert were held, the former in the afternoon at Queen's Park and the latter in the evening at Princess Rink. The judges appointed for the occasion, Messrs. Edward Fisher and A. S. Vogt of Toronto, awarded to the Exeter mixed choir a percent age of sixty-six and to the Owen Sound male chorus a percentage of seventy-six. At the evening concert batons were awarded the conductors of the successful choirs and addresses were delivered by the judges, Mr. Vogt speaking on the subject of Choir Organization and Church Music, while Mr. Fisher's remarks applied more directly to the efforts of the choirs which sang in the afternoon. The fine band of the Waterloo Musical Society added much to the success of a gathering, the arranging of which and the burden of organization fell principally upon the shoulders of Mr. C. A. Winter of Waterloo.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the well known American musician, who for over forty years has been honorably filling the position of conductor of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, has handed in his resignation to the officers of that prominent oratorio organization. Mr. B. J. Lang, the former organist of the Society, has been chosen as conductor.

The recent demolition of the old Gewandhaus Hall of Leipzig has been the means of revealing the secret of the extraordinarily fine acoustics of this celebrated concert-room. It has been discovered that the unusually fine acoustical effects of musical performances in this hall were less the result of thought than of accident. The achievement of the splendid acoustics of the old Gewandhaus is, upon examination, shown to be the outcome of a combination of favorable architectural moments. The concert hall alone and detached from its surroundings, could not alone have determined the question. The entire hall was, in a measure, suspended in a portion of the building proper, and this fact, combined with the large number of wooden beams supporting it, constituted a sounding-board of the entire structure.

Herr Rosenthal, the eminent pianist, who played in Toronto some years ago, has been creating a wonderful impression in London, Eng. Many critics pronounce his playing as superior in technique and intellectuality, as well as in breadth and virility, to that of Paderewski, who for many years has been the lion of the British metropolis. It has been pointed out, however, that the absence of a hirsute chrysanthemum head covering in Rosenthal's case, who wears his hair closely clipped, has been responsible for a lack of the feminine enthusiasm with which "Hair" Paderewski is welcomed whenever he appears in London. As was the case with Samson, so it appears to be with many modern musicians—shorn of their locks they are at once deprived of their chief strength and glory.

A portion of the past week spent in the western part of this province enabled me to form an opinion concerning the progress which is being made in the cultivation of music in a section of our country which is at once the wealthiest and finest portion of the Dominion. As is the case elsewhere, centralization is rapidly becoming the order of the day, a fact which is borne out by the establishment here and there of well equipped conservatories of music. Among the most recent of these newly organized institutions might be mentioned the London Conservatory of Music, Mr. W. Caven Barron director, and the St. Thomas Conservatory of Music, Mr. J. H. Jones director. Mr. Barron has from a modest beginning developed an institution which is certain to exert a marked influence for good in the musical enterprises of the Forest City. Over two hundred and fifty pupils were registered during the closing term of the past season, and new and handsome quarters have been engaged and are now being fitted up in anticipation of a large increase in attendance during the coming season. In St. Thomas, Mr. J. H. Jones is erecting a modern building for the use of his new undertaking, which when completed will be one of the most artistic and thoroughly practical in its equipments of any similar institution west of Toronto. Mr. Jones' venture deserves to succeed, as no doubt it will. This gentleman is well known as one of the most capable church organists

One Bright Spot



Rev. Howler Loud—Is it true that you fainted in your husband's arms just after your wedding ceremony?
Mrs. Coldcash—Yes, and that's the only time in his life he ever supported me.

(Copyrighted)

in the province. It was my pleasure last Sunday evening to attend service in Trinity Episcopal church, St. Thomas, where Mr. Jones is organist and choirmaster, and I cheerfully bear testimony to the excellence of a service which for precision in attack and distinctness of enunciation in the chanting of the Psalms, and general smoothness of the organ accompaniments throughout the service, but very few churches in Canada could equal.

Martinus Sieveking, Holland's most famous composer and pianist, has been engaged for a series of recitals in America during the coming season. This remarkable performer will likely be heard in Toronto at some period of his tour. Herr Sieveking is a great believer in the Sandow system of physical training. He is said to be a wonderfully powerful man and a striking personality.

A very successful *soiree musicale* was given on Thursday of last week in the music hall of the Ontario Institution for the Blind, Brantford. The programme was carried out by a number of well known Canadian musicians, among whom might be mentioned: Mr. George H. Fairclough, Mr. Frederic Rogers, Mr. J. Edmund Jaques (principal of the musical department of the Institution), and Mrs. R. J. Smith. The guest of the evening, Mr. Fairclough, was allotted the lion's share of the programme and played during the evening a number of representative organ and piano solos, including several movements from Salome's First Organ Sonata; Bach's Great G minor Fugue; Chopin's Nocturne in D flat for piano, and a group of organ solos by Rheinberger, Lucas and Gounod-Archer. Local papers unreservedly praise Mr. Fairclough's excellent technical ability and his refined musicianship generally. His organ numbers were all warmly applauded and the piano solo enthusiastically endorsed. The vocalists all sang in their usual admirable style and added much to the enjoyment of a delightful programme throughout. At the conclusion of the programme the guests present were entertained by Mr. Jaques, the host of the occasion. Light refreshments were served and a very enjoyable social hour spent by all present, among whom were a number of Brantford's leading citizens and visitors from Toronto, Chicago, Portland, Boston and other points.

His many friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. A. S. Burns, organist of McCaul street Methodist church, who has been seriously ill for some time, is rapidly recovering and expects soon to be at his post again.

Miss Anna Butland of Toronto, a former pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison and winner of the Conservatory of Music gold medal in last year's competition in the piano department at that institution, has been playing with marked success at a concert recently given in Bonn, Germany, where she is at present continuing her studies. The *Neue Bonner Zeitung* of June 21 speaks as follows concerning Miss Butland's performance at the concert mentioned: "After the opening organ solo, Miss Anna Butland appeared on the platform and gave much pleasure through a very clever and tasteful performance of Liszt's E major Polonaise. This young lady, a pupil of Herr Musiklehrer Febr of Bonn, proved herself to be a talented pianist who has made decided progress towards the acquirement of real artistic proficiency. Her technique has been systematically developed, her interpretation gave evidence of an intelligent musical perception, and the excellence of her phrasing deserves special mention. The audience warmly applauded Miss Butland's efforts, who responded by playing Henselt's well known Etude in F sharp major."

A *soiree musicale* was given at Long Branch on Saturday afternoon last by Miss Adeline Dinelli, violinist, Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, cellist and pianist, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone. The programme, as might have been expected, was an artistic treat of a high order.

Mr. W. E. Rundle, the well known tenor, has been specially requested by the Pan-American Congress to sing Adam's Holy City at the meeting to be held to-morrow afternoon in the Pavilion.

Calling the Young Men Down

The minister of a congregation in an agricultural district was greatly annoyed Sunday after Sunday by the unruly conduct of the junior members of his flock. When any one of the younger representatives of the gentler sex got weary of the evening service she would invariably rise and go out. A moment later her admirer would seize his hat and sheepishly follow her. To such an extent would this course of action prevail that by the time the

discourse was finished only the old people remained for the conclusion of the service. Mr. Jones concealed his chagrin for several weeks, but at last he firmly resolved to act. A youth grew drowsy one Sunday evening, and, picking up his hat, stepped into the aisle. But the minister's keen eye was upon him, and, to the culprit's dismay, he stopped short in his sermon. "Young man," said he, "the girl who went out last is not the one you wish to walk home with. When she goes I will let you know at once. Please sit down. After this when a young woman goes out I will call on the proper young man to take care of her."

The minister resumed his discourse. There was much tittering and considerable anger, but his sermons were not interrupted again.

Reassured.

A dilapidated specimen of manhood who was leaning hard against a telegraph pole in the neighborhood of the stock yards yesterday morning with his eyes tightly shut, called out to a man whose footsteps he heard approaching:

"Say!"
"Well!" said the other.
"Have you got a minute or two to spare?"
"I reckon."
"Would you mind just looking inside the fence right there where that board's broken off and telling me if you see anything on the ground?"
"No objection at all, sir. I see two dead rats."
"Anything peculiar about them?"
"Nothing, except that they are whoppers. They are two of the biggest rats I ever saw."
"Anything else near them?"
"No—yes, there's a queer-looking snake."
"Is it alive?"
"It's all dead but it's tail. That still wiggle."
"Is it a green snake that looks as if it had swallowed a baseball?"
"Yes."
"Got a queer-looking stripe down its back?"
"Yes."
"Then it's all right," rejoined the dilapidated citizen, straightening himself up, opening his eyes and walking on. "You have done me a great kindness, mister. I was afraid I'd got 'em again."

Mrs. McBride (entering the kitchen)—Bridge didn't I see that policeman kiss you?
Bridget—Well, mum, sure an' yez wouldn't hev me lay meself out to arrist for resisting an officer, mum.

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Social and Personal.

On Thursday of last week a farewell reception was given to Rev. E. Vicar Stevenson at St. Stephen's school-house. The reverend gentleman has been very successful in his three years' curacy at St. Stephen's, and Mr. Canavan read a very eulogistic address expressing the sense of gratitude felt by the congregation for the work of Mr. Stevenson. Testimonials were also presented by the Boys' Brigade and the Sunday School. Mr. Stevenson goes to a charge in Peterboro'.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Bowes Sutherland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M. Sutherland of Carnegie Avenue, East Orange, to Mr. Tor Pyk of Stockholm, Sweden, which came off at high noon on July 9, was an occasion of more than usual interest. A large number of invitations had been sent out for the affair, and Bick Presbyterian church, East Orange, where the wedding took place, was filled by a stylish and fashionable throng. The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. Dr. F. Marion McAllister, rector of Trinity church, Elizabeth, brother-of the late Ward McAllister. The procession entered the church in the usual order, led by the ushers, Messrs. Edward A. Weeks and J. Arthur Fisher of Elizabeth, and Walter M. Saunders and Vincent Mulford of Montclair. Next came the bridesmaids, walking two and two. The first two were white Swiss muslin over yellow. They were Miss Isabel Sanders of Montclair, and Miss Anna G. Oddie of East Orange. The next two were white Swiss muslin over lavender, and they were Miss Mae Carlton of Elizabeth and Miss Florence Sutherland of East Orange, sister of the bride. Next came the maid of honor, Miss Marion Sutherland, a sister of the bride, gowned in white silk. Both the maid of honor and the bridesmaids wore white chip hats trimmed with ostrich feathers, and carried large bunches of marguerites. Lastly came the bride on the arm of her father, by whom she was given away. Her gown was of white duchesse satin with pearls and the usual tulle veil. She carried a bouquet of white carnations. The best man was Mr. J. Marshall Saunders of New York. The decorations of the church were of palms and marguerites. There was no reception, only the bride party and a few intimate friends sitting down to the wedding breakfast at the home of the bride on Carnegie Avenue. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Pyk left for Spring Lake, where they spent a few days. They sailed for Europe on Saturday on the Maasdam, of the Netherlands line, passing the summer in travel in England, Germany, France and Sweden, and in the fall leaving for South Africa.

One of the prettiest social events of the season in Wiarion took place on July 3, the occasion being the marriage of Rev. Gerald T. A. Willoughby, recently transferred to Sarnia from Carlingford, to Miss Ida Anna Walker, daughter of Rev. R. Walker, pastor of the Methodist church, Wiarion. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. Walker, father of the bride, assisted by Rev. Dr. Willoughby of Listowel, father of the groom, taking place in the Methodist church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the seats of the guests being uniquely divided by floral columns and white satin streamers. The bride party entered at noon to the strains of the bridal march from Lohengrin, the bride leaning on the arm of her father and looking charming, attired in a costume of white silk, wearing the regulation veil and orange blossoms and carrying a shower bouquet of white bridal roses and ferns. The bridesmaid, Miss Hattie Walker, sister of the bride, looked lovely in a pale blue shot silk gown, wearing a cream picture hat and carrying a shower bouquet of cream roses. Little Miss Kathleen Watson, the six-year-old niece of the groom, acted as maid of honor, and looked very quaint and pretty in an Empire gown of cream silk, with large picture hat and bouquet of Gloire de Dijon roses. Mr. John Morrow, B.A., of Fullarton was groomsmen, and the ushers were Mr. Harold Willoughby, Mr. Willoughby Walker, and Dr. Elliott Holmes. At the conclusion of the ceremony, as the happy couple left the church Mendelssohn's Wedding March was rendered and the little maid of honor strewn roses and daisies in the bride's path. The guests repaired to the parsonage and there partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast. The parsonage was artistically decorated with palms, ferns, orchids and water-lilies for the interesting occasion. The presents were handsome and numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby left on the afternoon train for their home in Sarnia amid the hearty congratulations of their many friends.

Trinity church, Barrie, has been the scene of many pretty weddings, and one of the prettiest and most interesting of them took place on Wednesday of last week, when Miss Kortright, daughter of Sir Cornelius Kortright, K.C.M.G., was married to Mr. William McPherson Campbell of Barrie and Strayner. The body of the church was exquisitely and profusely decorated with flowers, ferns and rustic work. In the chancel was erected a very pretty arch of ferns and marguerites, while the altar abounded with ferns and lilies. As the bride entered the church, leaning on the arm of her father, followed by her four bridesmaids—Miss Cotter, her sister, Miss Ida Kortright, Miss Campbell, a sister of the bridegroom, and Miss Lily Walsh, a cousin of the bride—the choir rendered the beautiful hymn, The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden. The bride was attired in white duchesse satin, with white chiffon and pearl trimmings, broad train, veil and wreath, wearing a brooch consisting of a double heart and crown of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom, and carrying an exquisite shower bouquet of roses and white heather. The bridesmaids were gowned in white silk, with large white hats trimmed with chiffon, and each carried a bouquet of damask roses. Each also wore a handsome gold brooch with pearl initials, the gift of the bridegroom. The groomsmen were Mr. G. Douglas Palmer of Niagara Falls. The service was conducted by Rev. Canon Reiner, assisted by Rev. Canon Murphy of St. Paul's, Infa. The bride was given away by her father. The ushers were: Dr. Arnall, Mr. Burton of Toronto, Mr.

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H. E. Choplin, Dr. H. C. Crease, Mr. Davidson of Toronto, Mr. McDonald and Dr. W. A. Ross. After the ceremony a reception was held at Hillside, the residence of Sir Cornelius Kortright, after which Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left by the afternoon train for Toronto en route by the Sardinian for England and the Continent. The bride's costume de voyage consisted of a crepon dress of very pale green with silk stripes of vieux rose, trimmed with vieux rose satin, Napoleon hat of straw, with vieux rose and maize chiffon.

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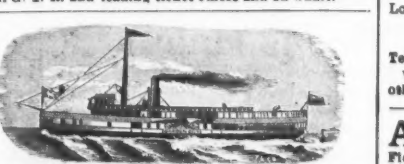
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Social and Personal.

At St. Thomas's church, Hamilton, on Wednesday, Miss Doris Gilmore, daughter of Mr. William Gilmore, was married to Mr. Gibson Fullerton Arnold of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Canon Curran in the presence of a few friends of the young people. The bride wore a costume of fawn silk with rose silk bodice and white picture hat, and carried a bouquet of roses. The bridegroom, Miss Minnie Wagner, wore pale blue crepon, with a bouquet of yellow roses. The groom's present to the bride was a diamond pin.

At Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are registered: Mr. J. A. Northey, Mr. G. Bryant, Mrs. T. P. Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. James Crocker, Mrs. J. H. McCollum, Miss A. Wilkinson, Mr. John A. Walker, Mr. Thomas O'Neill, Miss Maggie O'Neill, Miss Lucy Booth of Toronto, Mr. F. C. Davis of Kingston, Miss Annie Saunders of Detroit, Mr. W. M. Gartshore of London, Mr. G. B. Morris of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Fowlds, Miss Fowlds of Hastings, Miss Bertram, Miss M. Bertram, Miss Louise Scarfe, Miss Gertrude Scarfe, Mr. Reginald Scarfe, Mr. J. A. Phil of Brantford, Miss Masters of Guelph, Mrs. Coppinger of Hanover, Judge Chisholm of Berlin, Miss Farren, Miss Rance of Clinton, Mr. Ward Cutler of Belleville, Mr. J. K. Ohlman of Beatrice, Neb., Mr. A. C. E. Delmege of Montreal, Mrs. F. Workman, Miss Minnie Workman of Ottawa, Mr. S. D. Marlatt of Oakville and Miss M. Witter of Shelburne.

Lieutenant W. S. Mackay, of the 22nd Batt. Oxford Rifles, is taking a special course of instruction in the Royal School of Infantry, London.

Dr. Maguire of Detroit, Mich., is spending a week with his sister, Mrs. William Clarke, Beatty avenue, Parkdale.

Misses Jennie and Jessie Bannister are on an extended visit to their sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Gilchrist of New York.

The following are registered at the Chautauqua Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake: Mr. and Mrs. P. Taylor Bryan of St. Louis, Mr. Theo. L. Pitt, Mr. E. D. Pitt of Niagara Falls, Mr. W. J. McFaul of Buffalo, Miss Kate Miracle of Webster City, N.Y., Mr. Clarence Russell of Toronto, George St. Lewis, M.D., Mr. F. D. Love of Buffalo, Miss F. Baumgarten, Miss L. Boyle of Baltimore, Mr. A. O. Andrews, Mr. J. H. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gould of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Brown of Buffalo, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Miss Mary Jeffery of Toronto, Mrs. T. Webber, Miss Constance Webber, Miss Alice Webber of Jersey City, Mr. and Mrs. B.

TORONTO
ONE DAY ONLY

MONDAY, JULY 29

Barnum & Bailey

GREATEST
SHOW ON EARTH

1,000 PEOPLE EMPLOYED

Grand New Ethnological Congress

OF STRANGE AND SAVAGE PEOPLE

TRILBY ON HORSEBACK

ONLY LADY CLOWN

ONLY LADY RING MASTER

GRAND WATER CARNIVAL

Champion Log Rolling, Fancy Swimming and

THRILLING HIGH DIVES

From the Roof into 5 Feet of Water.

Sublime Equestrian

Tournament

May Pole Dance

Fox Hunters' Meet

Cossack Encampment

JOHANNA THE GIANT

GORILLA

TRAINED

Animal Exhibition

Wild and Domestic Beasts Per-

forming at once in an

IRON-BARRED

Arena.

16 CHAMPION MALE AND FE-

MALE BARE-BACK RIDERS

20 Clowns of All Kinds.

50 Cages of Wild Beasts.

24 Trained Elephants.

50 Aerial Artists.

50 Riders, Jockeys and Drivers

20 Kinds of Races.

300 Circus and Arena Per-

formers.

24 Wisest Elephants.

3 Big Circus Rings.

2 Elevated Stages.

1 Mammoth Race Track.

1 Steel-Barred Animal Arena.

2 Menageries of Wild and

Trained Beasts.

20 Giant and Pigmy Quadru-

pede.

100 Circus Acts and Displays.

12 Waterproof-Canvas Tents.

400 Superb Horses and Ponies.

1,000

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SIGHTS

Performances Daily at 2 and 8 p.m.

Admission to All - - 50 Cents

Children Under 9 Years Half Price.

RESERVED SEATS at regular prices and admission

tickets at usual advance at

A. & S. Nordheimer's Music House

15 King Street East

Watch for the New Street Parade

WITH THE SOVEREIGNS OF THE WORLD

M. Arons, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hirsch of Pittsburgh,

Pa., Mrs. J. Kingland, Mrs. W. H. D. Barr of

Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Atkins, Miss

Atkins, Master Harold Atkins, Miss Somerset,

and Mr. and Mrs. William McGill of Toronto.

The marriage of Mr. James P. Gauder, son

of Mr. Thomas Gauder of Parkdale, and Miss

Rosalia McLean of Seattle took place last

month at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander

McLean, parents of the bride. This wedding

was remarkable in being celebrated shortly

after midnight, and the wedding breakfast

was *tres matinal*, being served before daylight

in order that the bride and groom might catch

the east-bound train from Fairhaven. Rev.

Dr. Dickson of the Episcopal church performed

the ceremony. Miss Cora Roll and Miss Louise

Culver were bridesmaids; the best man was

Mr. F. N. Culver. The house was beautifully

decorated with evergreens and flowers, and

shortly after morning dawned Mr. and Mrs.

Gauder set sail on their steam launch for Fair-

haven, to spend the honeymoon with friends in

the East.

Miss Emma Patterson of Pembroke is stay-

ing with Miss Smallpiece of Avenue road.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Shaw have returned

from their wedding trip and will shortly take

up their residence at 153 Close avenue, where

Mrs. Shaw will be at home to her friends the

first week in September.

Canvas Trunks



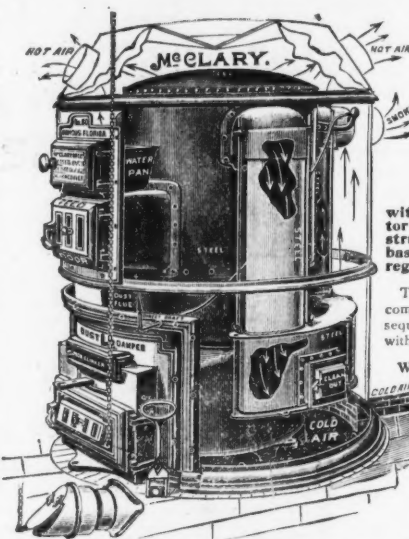
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Hot Air Furnaces

With Hot Water
Combination if Desired.Our . . .
Famous Florida
For Coal.

with steel dome, low steel radiator
and three steel flues, is con-
structed on the principle of a
baseburner stove, and is as easily
regulated as one.

WE HOLD HIGHEST TESTI-

MONIALS FROM USERS.

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Hand Woven Linens

(Of which we are the Sole Importers.)

Scotch Hollands...

—With novelties in Venetian and Marie Antoinette Laces and New Croche Edgings and Laces.

Dark Green Hollands...

—For darkening all kinds of rooms.

Every description of Window Blinds made and fitted on the shortest notice by expert workmen, at the lowest prices.

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CHINA HALL



A Choice Selection of WEDDING GIFTS

JUNOR & IRVING 49 KING ST. EAST
TORONTO

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

COOPER—Petrolia, July 14, Mrs. W. Cooper—a daughter.
POWELL—Eglington, July 17, Mrs. F. Powell—a daughter.
MILNE—Maneswood, July 19, Mrs. J. W. Milne—a son.
CAMPBELL—July 8, Mrs. Joseph Campbell—a son.
JARVIS—July 11, Mrs. Edmund M. Jarvis—a son.
ELLIOTT—July 10, Mrs. J. Elliott—a son.

Marriages.

CAMPBELL—KORTRIGHT—Barris, July 10, William Mac-
pherson Campbell to Mabel Kortright.
IRWIN—HUTCHINSON—July 18, Alex. R. Irwin to Mar-
garet Hutchinson.
PROUT—YARNOUD—July 10, F. G. Prout to L. J. Yarnold.
TWOHEY—O'HARE—Chatham, July 16, W. J. Twohey to
Margaret O'Hare.
WARD—GOODMAN—July 16, Henry A. Ward to Annie B.
Goodman.
WILLS—YARWOOD—Belleville, July 16, John F. Wills to
Edith M. Yarwood.
WINDRUM—WATSON—July 16, S. B. Windrum to S. Wat-
son.

Special
DrivesAT
McKENDRY'S

DURING NEXT WEEK

A fresh, airy store, where you are treated well if you are not the veriest crank in creation. We give you new goods all the time and charge less money than anybody else. The truth is we are in a position to do that. Not only are the customers treated well, but like wise the employees are well satisfied, and they do not work here longer than in any other store. Our style is not to preach philanthropy to win public esteem. The public benefits more by a list like the following:

Patent Medicines—

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, 30c per box.
Beef, Iron and Wine, 40c, reg. \$1.
Fly Poison Pads, 3c each or 2 for 5c.
Root Beer, 5c per bottle.

Groceries—

Ceylon Tea, the best in town, for 25c.
Mustard, 5c per tin.
Flour, 5c box.

Trimming and Notions—

All colors Honeycomb Frilled Elastic, 1 inch wide, reg. 15c, for 7c.
Black Rolled tape, reg. 3c, for 1c.
White Pearl Buttons, reg. 10c, for 5c doz.

Gloves, Hosiery and Parasols—

Ladies' Colored Silk Mitts, reg. 25c and 35c, for 15c.
Ladies' Shot Silk Parasols, frilled, reg. \$2.25, for \$1.50.

Laces and Ribbons—

Plauen Point Lace, 8 inches wide, reg. 35c, for 15c.

Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes—

Ladies' Dongola Oxford Shoes, patent tips and facings, regular \$2, for \$1.25.
Ladies' Tan Oxford Shoes, 65c, regular \$1.

Stationery—

Paper and Envelopes, 5c box.
Fine White Note Paper, 5 quires for 8c.

Fancy Stamping Dept—

Stamped Doilies and Centers, 5c, regular 10c.
Red Zephyr Wool, 3c oz., regular 7c.

Staple Dept—

5,000 yards American Indigo Challie, 30 inches wide, usually sold at 7c, Friday's price 3c yard.

Dress Goods Dept—

French Delaines, all new patterns, Friday 15c.

Mantle Dept—

Ladies' Tweed Jackets, latest styles, regular \$5.50 and \$7, for \$3 and \$4.

Ladies' Duck Costumes, regular \$3, for \$2.25, and regular \$2 for \$1.

Ladies and Children's Underwear Dept—

Ladies' Blouses, audered collars and cuffs, 35c, regular 75c.

Special line of Corsets, 50c, regular \$1.

Curtain Dept—

50c for Blankets, suitable for summer resorts, regular \$1 and \$1.50.

Wadgrass muslin, 6 inches wide, worth 50c, for 25c yard.

Basement—

Two-burner Iron Base Coal Oil Stove, 90c, regular \$1.25.

Pudding Dishes, 3c each.
Chinese lanterns, 3c and 5c each.

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McKENDRY & CO.
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CANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.

A NEW ROUTE

TO
FORT WILLIAM

IS BY THE
C. P. Ry. Steamship
ALBERTA

Sailing from WINDSOR
Every SATURDAY

On the arrival of Morning Express, leaving Toronto 7:30 a.m., calling at

Sarnia
Mackinac (about 7 hours)
Sault Ste. Marie

Berths reserved at 1 King St. E., Toronto

MANCHEE—BELLING—July 10, Percy D. Manchee to
Mabel Belling.

Deaths.

BOLLIER—St. Catharines, July 15, H. K. Bollier, aged 75.
YATES—Chicago, July 15, Frances Anna Yates, aged 87.
DANIELS—July 15, John C. Daniels, aged 64.
HAMMOND—July 15, William Hammond.
KIRKPATRICK—July 10, Joseph Kirkpatrick, aged 50.
COLLEIR—July 15, Henry Haight Collieir, aged 70.
DUNN—July 16, James Dunn.
RICKMAN—July 15, Ernest E. Rickman, aged 21.
BOYD—July 17, Lillie Boyd, aged 24.
WILLMOTT—Milton, July 17, Austin Willmott, aged 84.
GOOD—July 16, Adam Good, aged 59.
WALTON—July 17, Eliza Walton, aged 59.
WHITLAW—Paris, July 15, Charles Whitlaw, aged 71.
TAYLOR—July 12, Harriet Taylor, aged 75.

DR. G. L. BALL

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Residence, 84 Bedford Road. Tel. 4067. Hours, 8-10 p.m.

Superfluous Hair

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son.